

GULNARE AND SEYD.

FROM THE BYRON GALLERY.

THE Pacha Seyd, satisfied of the security of his prison to hold the pirate, who is enchained in his cell, permits him to live longer than he intended, solely that he may endure more torture. Gulnare, true to her promise to save his life, endeavors to excite Seyd's cupidity for the large ransom he could obtain by freeing him.

"Gulnare!—if for each drop of blood a gem
Were offer'd rich as Stamboul's diadem;
If for each hair of his a massy mine
Of virgin ore should supplicating shine;
If all our Arab tales divulge or dream
Of wealth were here—that should not him re-
deem!

It had not now redeem'd a single hour,
But that I know him fetter'd, in my power;
And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still
On pangs that longest rack, and latest kill."

Horried at his hatred and barbarity, Gulnare uses a slender artifice, by representing that the pirate deprived of his wealth and half his band, would soon fall an easy prey. This at once arouses the Pacha's jealousy and suspicion.

"I have a counsel for thy gentler ear:
I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word
Of thine stamps truth on all suspicion heard,
Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai—
Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?
Then, lovely dame, bethink thee! and beware:
'Tis not his life alone may claim such care!
In words alone I am not wont to chafe:
Look to thyself—nor deem thy falsehood safe!"
He rose—and slowly, sternly thence withdrew,
Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu.

Gulnare, shocked and enraged at being accused of unfaithfulness, of which she is wholly innocent, permits her love for her lord and master to turn into hate, and thirsts for revenge. She bribes the guard and provides a boat for Conrad's escape, and at midnight repairs to his cell with a poniard in her hand, that she offers him to murder Seyd with, if he would be free.

"But in one chamber, where our path must lead,
There sleeps—he must not wake—the oppressor
Seyd!"

Here Conrad appears truly noble, for his

magnanimity and generosity. He knows that the Pacha has doomed him to the most awful tortures, that his own Medora's heart is breaking in his absence; but he cannot kill a sleeping enemy, although he has slain hundreds in fighting; so would rather die than be free upon such base terms.

"Gulnare—Gulnare—I never felt till now
My abject fortune, wither'd fame so low:
Seyd is mine enemy: had swept my band
From earth with ruthless but with open hand,
And therefore came I, in my bark of war,
To smite the smiter with the scimitar;
Such is my weapon—not the secret knife—
Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's life.
Thine save I gladly, Lady, not for this—
Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.
Now fare the well—more peace be with thy
breast!
Night wears apace—my last of earthly rest!"

"Rest! rest! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,
And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake.
I heard the order—saw—I will not see—
If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.
My life—my love—my hatred—all below
Are on this cast—Corsair! 'tis but a blow!
But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,
I'll try the firmness of a female hand."

She flies from him to do the cruel deed herself. He gathers up his chains to prevent her. When he finds her, she is returning.

No poniard in that hand—nor sign of ill—
"Thanks to her softening heart—she could not
kill!"

Again he look'd, the wildness of her eye
Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.
She stopp'd—threw back her dark far-floating
hair,
That nearly veil'd her face and bosom fair:
As if she late had bent her leaning head
Above some object of her doubt or dread.
They meet: upon her brow—unknown—forgot—
Her hurrying hand had left—'twas but a spot;
Its hue was all he saw, and scarce withstood—
Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime—'tis
blood!

* * * * *

He had shed the blood of his foes in tor-
rents, and seen many ghastly scenes unmoved,
but this cruel murder fills him with horror.

So thrill'd—so shudder'd every creeping vein,

As now they froze before that purple stain.
That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
Had banished all the beauty from her cheek !

Blood he had view'd—could view unmoved—but
then
It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men.

EUDOXIA.

O SWEETEST my sister, my sister that sits in the
sun,
Her lap full of jewels, and roses in showers on
her hair;
Soft smiling, and counting her riches up, slow,
one by one,
Cool-browed, shaking dew from her garlands,
those garlands so fair
Many gasp, climb, snatch, struggle, and die for
—her everyday wear !
O beauteous my sister, turn downwards those
mild eyes of thine !
They stab with their smiling, they blister and
scorch where they shine.
Young sister, who never yet sat for an hour in
the cold,
Whose cool cheek scarce feels half the roses
that throng to caress,
Whose loose hands hold lightly these jewels and
silver and gold,
Think—think thou of those who for ever—for
ever—on press
In perils and watchings, and hunger and naked-
ness,
While thou sit'st serene in God's sunlight which
he made to shine ;
Take heed. These have lifted their burden—now
take thou up thine.
Live meek, as becoms one whose cup to the brim
is love-crowned,
While others drop empty in dry dust—What,
what canst thou know
Of the wild human tide that rolls seething eter-
nally round
The isle where thou sit'st fair and calm like a
statue of snow,
Near which the beautiful angels continually
go—
Keep pitiful. Whose eyes once turned from the
angels to shine
Upon publicans, sinners ? O sister, 'twill not
pollute thine !
Who, even-eyed, looks on His children, the black
and the fair,
The loved, and the unloved, the tempted, un-
tempted ?—marks all,
And metes—not as man metes. If thou with
weak tender hand dare
To take up His balance and say where his jus-
tice should fall—
Far better be Magdalen dead at the door of
thy hall,
Dead, sinning, and loving, and contrite, and par-
doned, to shine
Midst God's saints in His heaven, than thou,
angel-sister of mine.
Nay, whitest thorn-blossom—white lily, more
pure than the snows—
White dove, flying skyward with not an earth-
stain on her wing,

I know thou wilt sit in Love's palace for ever,
with brows
Bright-crowned, as one who sits calm by the
throne of a king,
All-worshipped, scarce envied, so meekly the
purple robes cling ;
Oh, when in the King of kings' palace we two
meet, this sign
Will witness—Thou, God, lovest equal !—Fare-
well, sister mine.

From the Independent.

PILGRIM'S SONG IN THE DESERT.

'Tis morning now—upon the eastern hills,
Once more the sun lights up this cheerless scene;
But, oh ! no morning in my Father's house
Is dawning now, for there no night hath been.

Ten thousand thousand now, on Zion's hills,
All robed in white, with palmy crowns, do stray,
While I an exile, far from father-land,
Still wandering, faint, along the desert way.

O home, dear home, my own, my native home !
O Father, friends, when shall I look on you—
When shall these weary wanderings be o'er,
And I be gathered back to stray no more !

O Thou, the brightness of whose gracious face,
These weary, longing eyes have never seen—
By whose dear thought, for whose beloved sake,
My course, through toil and tears, I daily take !

I think of Thee, when the myrrh-dropping morn
Steps forth upon the purple eastern steep :
I think of thee in the fair even-tide,
When the bright sandaled stars their watches keep.

And trembling hope, and fainting, sorrowing love ;
On thy dear word for comfort doth rely,
And clear-eyed faith, with strong fore-reaching
gaze,
Beholds thee here, unseen, but ever nigh.

Walking in white with thee, she dimly sees,
All beautiful, those lovely ones withdrawn,
With whom my heart went upward, as they rose
Like morning stars, to light a coming dawn.

All sinless now, and crowned and glorified,
Where e'er thou movest, move they still with thee,
As erst, in sweet communion by thy side,
Walked John and Mary, in old Galilee.

But hush my heart ! 'tis but a day or two
Divides thee from that bright immortal shore.
Rise up ! rise up ! and gird thee for the race !
Fast fly the hours, and all will soon be o'er.

Thou hast the new name written in thy soul ;
Thou hast the mystic stone, he gives his own.
Thy soul, made one with Him, shall feel no more
That she is walking on her path alone.

ANDOVER, Oct., 1854.

H. B. S.

From The Edinburgh Review.

Mémoires et Correspondence Politique et Militaire du Roi Joseph. Publiés, annotés, et mis en ordre par A. Du Casse, Aid-de-camp de S. A. J. le Prince Jérôme Napoléon. 8vo. Paris: 1853.

OF all books, the most generally and constantly popular are the memoirs, diaries, and letters of eminent and remarkable people; and the descriptions and details of the courts, the cabinets, and the camps of famous monarchs, statesmen, and generals have an unfailling universal attraction. Generation after generation continues to read, with undiminished zest, the vast collection of French memoirs which embrace the reigns of Louis XIV. and his predecessor, to wander in imagination through the galleries of Versailles, and the saloons of the Hotel de Rambouillet, and, in the "mind's eye" to people those celebrated localities with the illustrious and interesting characters of both sexes who once adorned them, and with whom the De Retz, Motteville, and St. Simons have made us so familiar. The histories and the memoirs from the beginning of the French Revolution down to the end of the war form another such group, which though less romantic and classical, are even more immediately interesting to ourselves than the first. To the more modern series, the "Memoirs and Correspondence of King Joseph" form a very valuable addition; though the interest of the "Correspondence" is principally derived from the letters of the Emperor Napoleon, of which a large proportion of it consists. Joseph himself, though he had to play (*volens volens*) considerable parts in the great drama of the "Consulate and the Empire," was a star of inferior magnitude, and only shines by the borrowed light of his connection with the great luminary of his family. Not but what he seems to have been rather underrated by his contemporaries; for, though far from having abilities of a high order, he was certainly not deficient in intelligence, prudence, and judgment. He enjoyed the reputation of being a worthy, well-disposed man, moderate in his desires, and of a benevolent, humane disposition; and such an estimate of his character is confirmed by the correspondence before us. It has been said that no two men are more dissimilar than the same man at different periods of his life; and however true or false this may be as a general axiom, it is eminently true as regards Napoleon Bonaparte; for when we examine attentively his conduct and his career from first to last, we shall find that though there are some traits of character which may be constantly traced, and will be found reproduced in different forms throughout all the circumstances of his eventful life, that character underwent as great a change as his fortunes;

his head was turned, and his heart was hardened, by prosperity and success; the acquisition of unlimited power, and the perverting influence of abject flattery and submission, proved the ruin of his moral sentiments, seared his conscience, and destroyed the natural sympathies and affections of which before his elevation he had given many manifestations. Less has been ascertained and recorded of the early life of the Emperor Napoleon than of any man who ever rose, by his own energy and ability, from a low condition to the summit of human grandeur; and it is curious and interesting to contemplate him as he was in the days of his obscurity and poverty, when the height of his ambition was to obtain some petty distinction in his native island of Corsica, and his most ardent desire to promote the happiness and welfare of the numerous family of which he constituted himself the guardian and the protector. Joseph and Napoleon, the two eldest of the Bonapartes, were knit together, in their youth, by the closest bonds of friendship and affection; and from the first moment of their being separated they maintained a regular and incessant correspondence (of which, unfortunately, most of the earliest letters were lost*), commencing at a period when the fortunes of the family were still at a low ebb; and we think that more is to be learnt from these letters, of the real disposition of the Emperor, and they furnish better materials for forming an impartial judgment of him, than all the voluminous contributions of his admirers or his detractors, — of his friends or his foes. We see him here in the freshness of his precocious and aspiring youth, with his heart yet warm and unspoilt, and (as we may imagine) nursing in the deep recesses of his mind vague and visionary hopes, to be transcended by such a destiny as in his wildest dreams he never could have caught a glimpse of. We then see the gradual development of the ambitious and despotic elements of his character, the effects of increasing power upon it, and the subordination of whatever there ever was of tenderness and amiability in his nature, to the passion for boundless domination, and the exigencies of an uncontrolled and uncontrollable will.

The Bonapartes were an ancient Ghibelline family, a branch of which lived, in the middle ages, at St. Miniato, near Florence. Several of its members filled, at different times, municipal offices in various Italian towns.† On

* Napoleon's letters were lost in the shipwreck of a vessel carrying Joseph's effects after his Embassy at Rome, and Joseph's were taken in La Vendée.

† Napoleon told General Bertrand (at St. Helena) that his family was of Roman origin; that there were Bonapartes at Rome in A. D. 1000, and that a Bonaparte had written an account of the sack of Rome by the Constable of Bourbon in 1500.

some occasion during the civil broils which perpetually distracted the Florentine republic, the Guelphs, who were generally the dominant faction, expelled the Bonapartes, who thereupon took refuge in Corsica. In that island little or nothing is known of them, till we hear of Charles Bonaparte, who was born at Ajaccio in 1746. After pursuing his studies at the university of Pisa, he returned to his native country, and became the most popular advocate in Ajaccio. He was a strenuous adherent of the Paolis in their struggle for Corsican independence, and the agent of Pasquale Paoli in many public transactions.* Charles Bonaparte married a beautiful girl named Letitia Ramolini, who bore him a family of thirteen children, of whom Joseph was the eldest and Napoleon the second son. To certain portentous incidents said to have attended the birth or distinguished the youth of the future emperor, we may safely ascribe a mythical character. Napoleon, according to the Imperial calendar, and to common belief, was born in 1769, but the evidence seems conclusive that his real birth-day was the 5th of February, 1768, and that he probably caused the date to be falsified, for the purpose of making it appear that he was a *Frenchman* by birth, Corsica having been incorporated with France in June, 1769.

Charles Bonaparte is said to have been a man of considerable ability, with a clear understanding, and a fervid orator. He died of a cancer in his stomach (the disease which proved fatal to Napoleon) in 1785, leaving eight children living. Of Napoleon's earliest years little is known; but it is said that, as a boy, he exhibited an indomitable propensity to arms.† He was educated first at Angers and afterwards at Brienne, but was in the habit of visiting his family every year at Ajaccio. His heroic and despotic nature manifested itself in the influence which, though so young, and not the first-born of his house, he managed to exercise over all its members. He acted as tutor and instructor to his brothers and sisters; and obedience to his will became the rule of the household.‡ In 1782, being then fourteen years old, he was sent to the *Ecole Militaire* at Paris; and in 1785 he entered the Artillery. Having soon reached the grade of first-lieutenant, he was ordered with his regiment to Valence; during his abode at which place he composed a history of Corsica, — a fragment never completed or published.§ He embraced the cause of the French Revolution, when the Bonapartes separated themselves

from the Paolis and the Corsican patriots, and joined the French party in the island. After its incorporation with France had been decreed, it became a scene of disturbance and civil strife; and, on one occasion, Napoleon very nearly lost his life in a street-fray.*

In 1791 two battalions were raised in Corsica, and Napoleon aspired to the command of one of them as the highest object of his ambition. The election for these commands was carried on with great violence between the rival factions. After a desperate contest, in the course of which the Bonapartes perpetrated a little *coup d'état*, by the forcible abduction of the chief of the opposite faction on the eve of the election, Napoleon was chosen *second* in command of one of the battalions. From that time he occupied himself entirely with his military duties; but in the confusion and disorder which subsequently prevailed, and the temporary ascendancy obtained by the Paoli faction, his family became obnoxious to popular rage, and were compelled to fly from the island, when they took refuge at Toulon. In 1793, in consequence of the good character he had gained at the military academy and in his regiment, he was appointed *chef de bataillon* and *second* in command of the Artillery at the siege of Toulon, and his success on that occasion procured for him the command of the Artillery in the army of Italy in 1794. During the siege of Toulon he had formed an intimacy with the younger Robespierre, who was the commissary of the Convention at that place; and he earnestly pressed Napoleon to accompany him to Paris, and join with him in supporting his brother; but Napoleon was already alienated from the Revolution; he had been a zealous patriot during the existence of the Constituent Assembly, but on the appointment of the Legislative his sentiments underwent a change. The reign of Terror filled him with aversion and disgust, and inspired him with that hatred of the Jacobins which he ever afterwards preserved. On the downfall of Robespierre, the connection which had existed between the two brothers and Napoleon exposed him to the suspicion of the Thermidorian party, and he was arrested by the commissioners whom they sent to the army of Italy. He was, however, very soon liberated, when he returned to Paris. Shortly after, he was offered a command in La Vendée, but not choosing to accept it, he was deprived of his commission as a general officer. Meanwhile, Joseph retired to France when the English made themselves masters of Corsica; and after having been employed first at Toulon and afterwards at the army of Italy as a *Commissaire des Guerres*, had (in 1794) married Madlle. Julie Clary,

* Letters on Corsica, published in the "Allgemeine Zeitung."

† Letters on Corsica.

‡ Ibid.

§ He sent a part of this work to the Abbe Raynal, with a very humble request that he would deign to look at it.

* Letters on Corsica.

one of the daughters of a rich merchant at Marseilles. Here begins the correspondence between the two brothers contained in these volumes, which was carried on, though not without interruption, till the fall of the Empire. As no description or paraphrase of these intimate and confidential communications can give so just and complete an idea of the policy, the objects, and the character of Napoleon, both in his private and public capacities, as his own letters, we shall give copious extracts from them, together with such explanatory comments as shall elucidate whatever may appear unintelligible and obscure.

In 1795, Napoleon took up his abode at Paris, with prospects far from brilliant or promising; although he does not appear to have been in the abject poverty which has been generally represented, his resources were very slender, and it was owing to the generous devotion of Junot, and the aid of his brother Joseph, that he was not reduced to absolute distress. He had been for some time paying his addresses to Madlle. Desirée Eugénie Clary, sister of Joseph's wife; but though there was something like an engagement between them, the attachment does not seem to have been very passionate, and the contemplated union was evidently given up without much difficulty or reluctance on either side. In one of his first letters at this period he writes: under date of 25 June 1795, "Desirée asked me for my portrait. I have had it painted; you will give it to her if she still wishes it; if not, keep it for yourself. Whatever may happen to you my friend, you know well that you could not have any one dearer to you, or who more sincerely wishes you prosperity. Life is a light sleep, which is soon over. If you go away, for a long absence, send me your portrait. We have lived together so many years and so closely united, that our hearts are mixed up, and you know better than anybody else, how mine is entirely yours. I feel while tracing these lines, an emotion which has seldom been experienced in my life."

This sentimental mood did not prevent his entering with youthful zest into the enjoyments of Paris, then revelling in the delight of its deliverance from the Reign of Terror, with its system of proscription and bloodshed; and thus he describes the condition of the capital:—30 July. "Luxury, pleasure and the arts spring up again astonishingly. . . The most elegant carriages reappear. . . Everything is accumulated in this country to divert life, and make it agreeable. . . We drive away thought, and all dark reflections by this active employment and hurry of mind." And again 9 August,—"This great nation gives itself up to pleasure, dancing, spectacles, women—which are here the most beautiful in the world, become the great business: ease, luxury, fashion, all

has sprung up again. Terror is only remembered as a dream." In the midst of this joyous existence, and surrounded by so many temptations, he seems to have been more faithful to Desirée, than the young lady was to him, although he evidently began to suspect that she went to jilt him. July 19–22. "No letter from you. I have had none from Desirée ever since she was at Genoa. I know that you have purposely avoided speaking to me about her. I don't know if she is still living." His spirits by turn rose and fell, and varied emotions were perpetually acting on his excitable temperament; one day his ruling passion breaking out, and the next, a profound melancholy betraying his despair of the distinction for which his whole soul was incessantly yearning. August, 12. "Farewell, my dear friend. Build very little upon the future, and be very content with the present. Be gay and learn to amuse yourself. For one I am satisfied. I only want the power to get into some battle. A soldier should gather laurels, or die on the field of glory. . . . I am very little attached to life; I look at it without much solicitude, finding my mind always as if on the eve of battle; and fully believing that if I meet death in the midst of it to end all, that it is folly to be anxious. Everything drives me to brave my lot or my destiny; and if this feeling continue, I shall end by not stepping out of my way to avoid being run over." On the 20th of August he was appointed to a place in the bureau topographique, in the room of Carnot, and (by his own account) had the option of being sent to Turkey, with a commission to organize the Ottoman artillery, and he soon became deeply engaged in public business. He once more recurred to his proposed marriage, and evinced a desire to bring the affair to a conclusion one way or the other, though he rather unaccountably writes as if the idea of it was entirely new. "If I stay here it is not impossible that the notion of marriage may take me. I should like to have a word or two from you on that subject. It would be well perhaps to speak of it to Eugénie's brother; let me know the result, and all is said."

Notwithstanding the uncertainty of his prospects, and his narrow circumstances, Napoleon was at that time proud of his social position, and animated with honorable sentiments and amiable feelings towards his own family. "You ought not to have," he writes, "anything to fear for me, whatever may happen. I have for friends all the influential people of all parties. . . . You know, my friend, that I only live in the pleasure of doing good to my family.—If my hopes are fulfilled with the good luck which never forsakes my enterprises, I can make you happy and fulfil all your desires."—And in another letter (Sept. and Oct. 1795). "I shall forget no means of be-

ing useful to you, and contributing to the happiness of your life." He was already, by common consent of the family, their chief and director (Joseph having conceded to his younger brother all his rights of seniority), and he accordingly assumed the control and undertook the management of all their affairs, among others, of the matrimonial ones of his sisters. Junot, who was his most devoted adherent and intimate friend, had fallen desperately in love with Paulette (as the future Princess Pauline Borghese was called), but Napoleon would not hear of a union between two young people who were both penniless. Subsequently a man of the name of 'Billon' proposed to marry Pauline, on which he says: Oct. 18. "This person has no fortune. I have written to mother that it must not be thought upon." He tells the story of the 13 Vendémiaire, the all-important day, which laid the foundation of his prodigious fortune, with extreme simplicity and brevity. Oct. 2. "All is over at last, and my first thought is to give you the news. The royalists of the sections became fiercer every day. The Convention ordered the disarmament of the section Lepelletier; it repulsed the troops. The commander Menou, was said to be a traitor; he was immediately displaced. The Convention named Barras to command the armed force. The committees named me second in command. We had placed our troops. The enemy came to attack us at the Tuilleries: we killed a good many of them, and they killed of us thirty and wounded sixty: we have disarmed the sections, and all is as calm as usual. I was not wounded."

Oct. 9. "You will have learned all about me from the public papers. I have been named general in second of the army of the interior. Barras is named Commander-in-chief. We have conquered, and all is forgotten." Napoleon's circumstances were now greatly improved; he was in a high military post, evidently well supplied with money, and full of occupation. Oct. 20. "All goes well. I am greatly occupied, which hinders my writing to you more." Nov. 9. "My health is good, though I lead a very busy life." Nov. 17. "In the midst of labor which leaves me but few minutes, I can write you only a word. But Fesch (his uncle, afterwards Cardinal), whom I charge to write to you, ought to tell you all that will interest you. I very rarely hear from you. You ought not to stand upon ceremony with me: for you know that my occupations, and the perpetual agitation of my life, make it impossible to write regularly to you. But Fesch ought to do it every day." He evidently availed himself of his prosperous circumstances to send immediate assistance to his family. Dec. 31. "The family is in want of nothing. I have sent money, as g-

nats, etc. You ought to have no anxiety about the family, it is abundantly furnished with everything." He had already made Louis his aide-de-camp, and placed Jerome in a college, and he invites Joseph to come to him at Paris, with the promise of every sort of luxury and comfort. "You are wrong to have any uneasiness. If you are tired of Genoa, I see no inconvenience in your coming to Paris: I have here lodging, table, and carriage at your service. . . . You would do me great injustice if you could imagine that I could for a moment be indifferent about what concerns you. Cheer up, and if you are dull, come to Paris, where you will have time to amuse yourself, and do what you like." He continued at Paris, trusted and employed by the government, and evincing a lively interest in the prosperity of his family. On the 9th March, 1796, he was married to Josephine de Beauharnais, and a fortnight afterwards he left Paris to take the command of the army of Italy, to which he had been appointed by the joint influence of Barras and Carnot. Very few letters passed between the brothers in the year 1796, as Joseph was generally with Napoleon during that campaign. In 1797 Joseph was Ambassador at Rome, when the letters assume an official form, and are addressed by 'Bonaparte Général en Chef de l'Armée d'Italie, a l'Ambassadeur de la République Française a Rome;' and they relate almost exclusively to the objects of his mission. In 1798, while Napoleon was in Egypt, he resumed his familiar correspondence with Joseph, then a member of the Council of Five Hundred; it manifests undiminished interest in Joseph's concerns, with expressions of his own feelings, which show that in spite of his glory and success, he was sometimes oppressed with melancholy, and not always bent on the great designs he was so soon destined to accomplish. He writes from Cairo; Without date. "I will wait, before deciding what I will do, to hear from Constantinople and France . . . take care of my wife. . . . I pray Louis to give her good advice. . . . I wish happiness to Desirée if she marry Bernadotte.* She deserves it. I send to Julia † a handsome shawl: she is a good woman. Make her happy."

"You will see in the public papers the results of the battles and of the conquest of Egypt. . . . I can be in France in two months. I commend my interests to your care. I have many domestic troubles. . . . Your friend-

* Desirée Clary, after having been very near marrying the future Emperor of the French, was engaged to marry General Duphot, who was killed in a tumult at Rome on the very day fixed for their nuptials. She afterwards married Bernadotte, and became Queen of Sweden.

† Joseph's wife.

ship is dear to me : to make me a misanthrope nothing more is necessary than for me to lose it, and see you betray me. It is an 'unhappy position to have at once all kinds of feelings for the same person in one heart. Manage it that I have a country house when I arrive, either near Paris, or in Burgundy. I count upon shutting myself up and passing the winter there : I am weary of human nature. I need solitude and isolation ; grandeur wearies me ; feeling is dried up — and glory is insipid at 29 years of age. I have exhausted everything ; nothing remains for me but pure selfishness. I count upon keeping my house. I will never give it to any body. I have only enough to live upon. Farewell, my only friend. I have never been unjust to you. You owe me this justice, in spite of the desire of my heart to be so.*

In little more than a month from the date of this letter (Aug. 22), the revolution of the 18 Brumaire had overturned the Directory, and made Napoleon Bonaparte (under the title of First Consul) the virtual Sovereign of France. At the time of that event Joseph was at Paris, and their correspondence thenceforward only went on during the intervals of his absence on the various important missions with which he was entrusted. This revolution had been hailed with approbation and delight, and Napoleon was received by all classes as the deliverer and saviour of the country. The government which he overthrew had become both contemptible and odious. The Directory had enjoyed a brief popularity when the revolution of Thermidor put an end to the sanguinary despotism of Robespierre and the Reign of Terror ; but those dreadful times were forgotten, while the corruption, tyranny, and incapacity of the government excited general indignation and disgust. It had lasted four years, during which a deplorable scene of confusion was presented, with less cruelty but greater anarchy than under the preceding government. People were not, indeed, forced to take assignats under pain of death, but nobody was paid at all. The armies were in a state of nudity and starvation, and victory had deserted their standards. An intolerable feeling of uneasiness prevailed, and the government endeavored to redeem its weakness by the adoption of arbitrary and vexatious measures.† Napoleon appeared as if sent by Heaven to redress the wrongs and repair the mis-

fortunes of the French nation. So immense was the catalogue of evils which he had to redress, such an abundance of oppressions and spoliation to put an end to, that his assumption of despotic power was regarded without jealousy or apprehension, and the healing and beneficent acts of his discretionary authority were received with boundless satisfaction and gratitude. When he took on himself to cancel the decrees of tribunals, or the verdicts of juries, public opinion sanctioned such acts, and regarded his interference as supplementary and corrective of the law. History furnishes no example of a position like his — in the prime of life, regarded with universal admiration and confidence, he came in the plenitude of a vivacious ambition, with a mission to terminate the long reign of bloodshed, proscription, and pillage, and to restore the prosperity, the happiness, and the glory of France. His brilliant military exploits, his skilful negotiations, his romantic career, and the miraculous fortune which ever attended him, all contributed to the general fascination. At Paris he was the object of a curiosity and enthusiasm which perpetually followed him ;* and grave and serious men, as well as proud high-born women, yielded to the seduction of his heroic character, his gracious manners, and his original ideas.† Joseph was employed by the First Consul during a considerable part of the years 1800, 1801, and 1802, in negotiating the treaties of Mortfontaine, Luneville, and Amiens, when their correspondence was almost entirely political, but intermixed with a few familiar letters. In 1803, Napoleon was very anxious to make Joseph chancellor of the Senate, an appointment which he strenuously resisted : he entreats his brother not to force this high office upon him, which would not suit his habits, and would destroy all his happiness. "What you require of me (he writes) is impossible, or I should certainly do it. The affection you show me makes me unhappy, without shaking my resolution. My conscience prescribes to me my duty, and leaves me no room for deliberation. You reproach me for sacrificing your interest, and that of the State, to my own habits and the moderation of my character. If, for the misfortune of France, you should be obliged to absent yourself from the continent, I will engage to occupy any post, however dangerous, that you may be pleased to confide to me ; and I trust, by my integrity and resolution, to

* This melancholy tone and allusion to his domestic annoyances arose from his jealousy of Josephine, whose levity had given him offence, and at the same time an attachment to another woman, a Madame Foures, with whom he carried on an intrigue almost all the time he was in Egypt. He was reconciled to his wife, and discarded his mistress in rather a brutal manner. ("Abrantes," vol. iv. p. 63; "Bourrienne, vol. iv. p. 116.)

† Thiers' *Consulat et Empire*, vol. i. b. i. p. 3.

* "Thee, Saviour, thee, a nation's vows confess,
And never satisfied with seeing bless:
Swift unspoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp
thy name."

Abraham and Achitophel.

† Villemain's *Souvenirs Contemporains*, M. de Narbonne, chap. vii. 82, et seq.

render myself not unworthy of you.* And he concludes by an appeal to his generosity to release him from the onerous dignity which it was sought to impose upon him. During the greater part of the years 1803 and -4, the brothers were together; which is to be regretted, because we might otherwise have had confidential letters from Napoleon relating to many interesting and important transactions which would have been the more valuable from being written at the time of their occurrence. The war between England and France broke out afresh on the 16th of May, 1803, and very soon after the camp at Boulogne was formed, and the immense naval and military preparations were begun for the projected invasion of England. On the 18th May, 1804, Napoleon was declared Emperor, and Joseph appointed presumptive heir to the throne. Joseph was excused from being Chancellor of the Senate, but obliged to put on a uniform, and (though totally ignorant of military affairs) to take the command of a regiment, to which he seems to have submitted in his usual spirit of passive obedience to the Emperor's will.

From the moment of his ascending the throne, Napoleon, though he continued to confide in Joseph as heretofore, dropped all familiarity in his epistolary commerce with his family. During his absence from Paris in 1805, he left the administration of the government in the hands of Joseph, who remained there till a few days after the battle of Austerlitz, and his appointment to the command of the army destined to conquer Naples. Joseph (unlike his brother) was simple and unostentatious in his habits, and preferred the pleasures belonging to social equality to the grandeur of imperial rank; he was somewhat of a Sybarite, and far from indifferent to luxuries and enjoyments, both physical and intellectual, but he had very little ambition, and accepted the greatness that was thrust upon him much more in deference to Napoleon's will, and in order to serve him in his great designs, than for his own satisfaction and pleasure. He writes to Reginald de St. Jean d'Angely†:—

"You are one of the few people who know me well enough to be certain that the title I best merit, is likewise that which I prefer. Address me, therefore, as an old and faithful friend, and be assured that the truth and generosity of my character forbid my regarding that man as my friend who, in his intimate communications with me, should treat me otherwise than as his equal. In their private relations, men should be estimated according to their real worth, and it is because, I think myself worth more than my titles, that I don't wish to hear them from you, and from my oth-

er real friends. And when I see any two of them treat me otherwise than as they treat each other, I infer that their regard for me is at an end." Very different were the sentiments of Napoleon, who delighted in the trappings and paraphernalia of royalty. While he was courting Josephine he used to make her tell him anecdotes about Versailles, and the Court of Louis XVI.; when raised to the throne he chose to be a Caesar after the manner of Diocletian, rather than a Caesar like Augustus.* He would, perhaps, have been more popular and more politic if he had contented himself with being the citizen-chief of a republic, uniting in his own person all the scattered elements and functions of sovereignty, giving laws to a willing people, and demanding no homage but that which his genius and his services could not fail to command; but his ambition was of a more vulgar stamp; he was impatient to take his place amongst the ancient dynasties of Europe, and to surround himself with the traditional pomp, and the ceremonious etiquette of the Bourbon kings. His brothers were regarded by him only as the first of his subjects, and Joseph, who was the one for whom he felt the greatest affection, and on whom he relied the most, dropped all fraternal familiarity, and ever afterwards addressed him in terms of profound respect and humility, from which he did not venture to depart even when he ascended the thrones of Naples and of Spain. While the preparations for the invasion of England were going on, Napoleon was engaged in remodelling Europe and aggrandizing his enormous power; he originally intended to erect the Italian republic into a kingdom, and to make Joseph king of it, but Joseph declined because he would not give up his right of succession to the empire; Napoleon then resolved to place the crown on his own head, and to appoint Eugene Beauharnais Viceroy. On the 26th of May, 1807, he was crowned King of Italy at Milan, where he inaugurated a government, which, however arbitrary, and in some respects oppressive, was on the whole the best and most popular which the Italians had for a long time enjoyed. While he was creating kingdoms and extending his dominions, his capacious mind was never diverted from its paramount object—the invasion of England. It was in the beginning of March, 1805, that he devised the prodigious plan of concentrating his naval forces, so as to obtain a temporary command of the Channel, which was so skilfully organized that nothing but a series of accidents and disasters (which could neither have been foreseen nor guarded against) prevented its success. Unfavorable weather, the inferiority of the French to the English naval commanders,

* Joseph to Napoleon, Sept. 18, 1803.

† June 25, 1804.

* Abrantes, iii. p. 314.

and particularly the action of Sir R. Calder off Ferrol, saved England from the invasion which a little more good fortune on the part of Napoleon would probably have enabled him to accomplish. When he found his plans finally and irretrievably deranged, and that the new coalition which Mr. Pitt had organized, was prepared for war he deliberated for a few days, and then, rejecting the advice of Admiral Decrès, to adjourn the invasion of England till the winter, he resolved to abandon that design altogether, and to march at once into Germany. With wonderful expedition and a profound knowledge of tactics, he conceived the whole plan of the ensuing campaign, which was executed with corresponding rapidity and precision. The Emperor left Paris on the 24th of September, to put himself at the head of his army, and during the campaign the correspondence between the brothers was incessant.

The Emperor seems to have been very apt to find fault, and to listen to any tales that were told him, without ascertaining whether they were true or false. Having reproved Joseph for giving money to some of the troops (at Boulogne), the latter denies the charge, and writes in this tone of humble remonstrance:—"I have been hurt at finding that the only object of Y. M.'s letter, was concerning a matter on which you have been led into error. I have done my best to please you, and am impatient for Y. M.'s next letter, in the hope of its being more consolatory, and more in accordance with what I believe to be your real sentiments towards me."

While the Emperor was conducting his brilliant campaign of 1805, and Joseph was at the head of the government at Paris, their correspondence was very active. Joseph, on hearing of his great successes, expresses his admiration at the exactitude with which H. M. executed all that he designed, and reminds him of having predicted at Boulogne, that he should enter Vienna on the 9th November.

Napoleon writes from Schenbrunn, complaining of Bernadotte and of Massena, and says the former "made him lose a day, and on a day may depend the fate of the world." He desires Joseph will give Massena a hint that he is dissatisfied with him. "This will have the advantage of exciting his zeal, and perhaps also of repressing the disorders which commence in this army. I know that a tax of four hundred thousand francs has been imposed upon Verona. My intention is to render the generals and officers who have served me well, so rich that I do not expect they will dishonor by cupidity the noblest profession, by drawing contempt on the soldier." Nov. 15, 1805. In reply to a letter from the Emperor, announcing the beginning of negotiations for peace, Joseph informs him that there is a gene-

ral desire at Paris that peace may be concluded; * this expression of popular opinion seems to have offended his Majesty, for he writes: "My brother . . . I am not in the habit of regulating my politics by the rumors of Paris, and I am sorry that you should attach so much importance to them. My people are best off in all circumstances by confiding in me, and the question is now too complicated for a Parisian citizen to understand . . . I will make peace when I believe it to be for the interest of my people to make it, and the clamors of sundry intriguing spirits will neither accelerate nor retard it for an hour. My people will be always unanimous when they know that I am satisfied, because they will feel that it is the assurance that their interests are secured. The time when they deliberated in sections, is gone by. I will give, if it be necessary, yet more than one battle to obtain a peace which will give me a guaranty. I give nothing to chance. What I have said, I always do it, or I die." Dec. 15. This is his abrupt announcement of his intentions about Naples:—"I mean to take possession of the kingdom of Naples, and have named you Commander-in-chief of the army of Naples. Set off in forty hours after you receive this letter, and let your first letter inform me that you have entered the city, and driven the perfidious court out of it." †

In the midst of these important affairs, the Emperor disposes of various members of his family, by making matrimonial alliances for them without asking their consent; says he has demanded the hand of the Princess Augusta of Bavaria for Prince Eugene, ‡ and that of another princess for Jerome; and Joseph is to let him know if he can depend on that young man's compliance with his wishes. He has also (he tells Joseph) affianced his eldest daughter to a little prince, who will one day become a great one; and orders him to impart the marriage of Prince Eugene to Madame Mere.§

The Neapolitan Government had concluded a treaty of neutrality with France, which, after the battle of Trafalgar, and the formation of the new coalition, it was emboldened to break, and to admit several thousand English and Russian troops into its dominions. || Indignant

* Dec. 7, 1805.

† Dec. 31, 1805.

‡ She was already affianced to another suitor, but this intended alliance was set aside.

§ Dec. 31, 1805.

|| Napoleon had exacted a treaty of neutrality from the Marquis de Gallo at Paris, and instructed M. Alquier, (his minister) to force the wretched King Ferdinand to ratify it. With equal cowardice and treachery, the Neapolitan Government delivered a formal ratification of the treaty to M. Alquier, and at the same moment placed in the hands of the Russian minister a written declaration

at this breach of faith, the Emperor, immediately after signing a treaty with Russia, decreed the dethronement of the king of Naples, and Joseph, with the title of his Lieutenant, proceeded to effect the conquest of the kingdom, and expel the Bourbons. Before he reached Naples, Napoleon wrote him word that he had resolved to replace the Bourbons by a prince of his own family : himself, if he was so disposed ; some other, if it did not suit him.* On returning to Paris, the Emperor conveyed to Joseph warm acknowledgments for his conduct while left in the administration of the government, together with a present of his portrait, and assurances of his friendship.† Joseph made no difficulty about accepting the Crown of the Two Sicilies, as he was not thereby obliged to resign his contingent right of succession in France, and told the Emperor to dispose of him in whatever way he deemed best, for himself and for the State. Napoleon gave him ample and detailed instructions as to his whole conduct, civil and military, particularly recommending him to be very firm, to prevent gross pillage, and not to be sparing of his person. — “Jan. 31, 1806. Believe in my friendship. Do not listen to people who desire to keep you out of fire — you need to show that you are proof, if occasion serve — and so put yourself forward. As to real danger, it is everywhere in time of war.” On Feb. 3, he writes a letter full of French as well as Neapolitan affairs, and very characteristic : — “I am surprised . . . at the dearth of your services. See the result of the conduct of generals intent only on robbery : hold them well in hand. I ask only one thing of you : Be master . . . March boldly ; all that you may do to improve the service of your army will be agreeable to me. . . . On entering Naples, issue a proclamation, that you will not permit any private contributions to be levied ; that the army in general shall be rewarded ; and that it is not fair that some individuals should be enriched by the labor of all. . . . I am well pleased with my affairs here ; it cost me a good deal of trouble to get them into order, and to make a dozen cheats disgorge ; at the head of them is Ouverard, and they have made a dupe of Barbé Marbois very nearly as the Cardinal Rohan was in the affair of the necklace. . . . I was determined to have them shot without trial. Thank God I was reimbursed. This has not failed to put me out of

that the convention had been extorted from them by threats, that they were resolved not to adhere to it, and called on the Russians and English to repair to Naples as if no such transaction with the French Government had taken place. (See “Sir H. Bunbury’s Narrative of Military Transactions in the Mediterranean.”)

* Stuttgart, Jan. 19, 1806.

† Jan 27.

humor. I tell you this, that you may see what scoundrels men are. You need to know that—you who are at the head of a great army, and soon to be at the head of a great administration. The miseries of France have always arisen from these wretches. . . . I have here M. d’Haugwitz.* . . . This Prussian Court is very false and very stupid. . . . I take the greatest interest in your prosperity, and, above all, in your glory ; in your position this is the prime necessity ; without it, life has no other charm.” Feb. 7. Marshals Massena and St. Cyr had been given to Joseph to direct his military operations. St. Cyr had found a pretext for returning to Paris ; but the moment he presented himself at the levée, the Emperor ordered him back to Naples. “I would not hear anything from him. Treat people rather roughly.” . . . He then desires to be furnished with exact accounts of the state of the troops ; adding, “Accounts of the situation of armies is, for me, the most agreeable reading in my library. They are my most pleasant recreation.”† At the same time he urges that not a moment should be lost in taking possession of Sicily.‡

Joseph entered Naples on the 15th of February, well received by the people, many of whom he describes to be still trembling at the name of the deposed Queen.§ Everything that could be removed had been carried off by the old Court, and everything else destroyed, so that the army and the government were equally destitute ; and he implores the Emperor to come to his aid, incessantly repeating those prayers, but with very inadequate success. He says that a good administration might make it a very prosperous country, though everything remains to be done. Joseph was sincerely anxious to establish a just and well-regulated government, and aspired to conquer the attachment of his new subjects by improving their condition, and ruling in a spirit of mildness and indulgence. He shrank from adopting the severe and repressive measures which Napoleon was continually enjoining, together with many reproaches for the laxity and ill-timed lenity to which Joseph eventually did find himself unable to adhere with safety. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of his affairs, the Emperor found time to

* Prussian ambassador.

† The laborious habits of Napoleon are shown by a letter from M. de Meneval, his secretary ; he says :—“The Emperor and the Empress are both well. The Emperor’s labors are prodigious. He holds three or four councils a day : from 8 in the morning when he rises, to 3 or 4 in the evening, when he goes to bed.

‡ Feb. 9.

§ She was a bold bad woman, profligate, perfidious, and cruel, whose policy consisted in dark designs and unprincipled measures. (See “Sir H. Bunbury’s Narrative, p. 10.)

write constantly to the new King, and to give him detailed instructions and advice upon every part of his civil administration, as well as his military operations. Napoleon's letters are full of invectives against the plunder and *gaspillage* of which (amongst many examples) the principal was that of Massena, who was equally avaricious and unscrupulous, but who seems to have been forced to disgorge some of his ill-gotten gains. "Naples is so distant, that I dare not promise you to go so far, but there is no harm in announcing it, as much for the army as for the people of the country. . . the embarrassments in which you find yourself, always occur. I recommend to you not to march without guards. Take this well into your calculations, that fifteen days sooner or later you will have an insurrection; it is an event constantly occurring in a conquered country. . . . I suppose you have cannon in your palace, and that you have taken every precaution for your safety. You cannot watch too steadily over your people, the French have frivolity and presumption without example. . . All the embarrassments which you experience and continually experienced in circumstances similar to yours. Disarm, disarm; put order into this immense city, calculate that you will have a riot, or a little insurrection. I should desire very much to assist you by my experience in such matters. My brother, shoot without mercy the lazzaroni who stab. It is only by a salutary terror that you can impose it upon the Italian populace. The sentiments you experienced at your entrance into Naples, always arise at the first entrance into a conquered country. . . . Once more, do not expect money from me." March 2. The throne of Naples was not a bed of roses. Joseph had exchanged the pleasant and luxurious existence of Mortfontain and Paris for a life of care, labor and danger; advised, or in other words, commanded by the Emperor to raise vast sums of money to pay his troops regularly, and to satisfy his military chiefs, when the country was exhausted and impoverished, and the revenue utterly inadequate to meet the expenditure, it is no wonder if the much-enduring monarch manifested feelings of discouragement and annoyance, often almost amounting to despair. It was impossible to satisfy Napoleon, and at the same time conciliate his own subjects; and it was in vain that he represented the condition of a country in which commerce was extinct, the ports blockaded, and whence the principal proprietors had fled, taking with them all the coin they could lay their hands on. Queen Caroline had extorted an anticipation of the revenue, and there was an immense population in a state of hunger and nakedness, who had heretofore existed in great measure on the bounty of the Court. In answer to such representa-

tions the Emperor writes:—"My brother, I see by one of your proclamations, you promise to impose no war tax—that you forbid to exact provisions from their hosts. In my opinion you take too narrow measures. It is not by cajoling these people that they are gained, and it is not by these measures you will give yourself the means of according just recompenses to your army. Put thirty millions contribution on the kingdom of Naples. As to me it would be too absurd that the conquest of Naples did not contribute to the relief and well-being of my army. It is impossible that you should hold yourself within such limits. Support yourself if you please, on an order from me. . . . The establishment of an imposition would not produce the effect that you imagine, every one expects it and will find it natural: it was thus at Vienna, where there was not a sou, and where it was hoped that I would lay no contribution. A few days after my arrival I imposed one of a hundred millions; that was found very reasonable. Your proclamations to the people of Naples, are not sufficiently authoritative; you will gain nothing by caressing too much. These Italian peoples, and peoples in general, if they do not perceive their masters, are disposed to rebellion and mutiny. Consider well, that if circumstances have not permitted that you should have grand military manœuvres to make, there remains to you the glory of knowing how to nourish your army, and to draw from the country where you are, resources of every kind; this makes a great part of the art of war." March 8.

A few days afterwards the Emperor sends a remittance, saying it is all he can afford, in consequence of the prodigious expense of his own armies and fleets, and he again reproaches Joseph with the lenity of his administration. "You administer the government of Naples too gently. This is not the way to manage these people. You show too much leniency; it is necessary not to commence your administration mildly. . . . Take the goods of all who have followed the court." March 12.

On the 13th of April Joseph received the Imperial decree, by which he was proclaimed King of the Two Sicilies, up to which period he had governed the kingdom in the name, and as the lieutenant of the Emperor; in this act the right of succession to the crown of France was expressly reserved to him, with the condition, however, that the two crowns should never be united on one head. M. Miot (Councillor of State) had been sent from Paris to Naples a few days before this announcement, and with him the Emperor had had a conversation in which he expressed his intentions with regard to his brother, and by which it would appear that he was not even then quite sure of Joseph's acceptance of the

Crown: "You will set out," he said, "to re-join my brother. You will tell him that I will make him King of Naples, that he will remain Grand Elector, and that I shall not change anything in his relations to France. He will understand that there must be neither hesitation nor indecision: if he refuses, I shall be forced to put the crown of Naples on some other head. Joseph should consider that affection must give way to reasons of state. I can recognize as my relations, only those who serve me. It is not the name of Bonaparte which is attached to my family, but that of Napoleon. I can now love only those of whom I can make use, and who aid my designs: let him learn then to forget all the kindnesses, all the relations of childhood: let him make himself of importance, and gain glory. I give my brother a fine opportunity: let him rule his new dominions wisely and firmly. Let him show himself worthy of the throne which I have given him. . . . but it is nothing to be at Naples. . . . Sicily must be conquered. Let him push on this war with vigor. Let him appear often at the head of his soldiers. . . . let him be firm. That is the way to make one loved by soldiers. . . . You have understood that I can no longer have relations in obscurity. Those who will not raise themselves with me, I cannot consider as belonging to my family. I make a family of kings of those who shall be connected by a federative system." Such was the stern and inexorable policy which he adopted towards his family; he was content that their "little barks" should

"Attendant sail,
Increase the triumph, and partake the gale."

But in becoming the sovereigns of other nations, they were to be still his subjects, and the interests and prosperity of those nations were always to be subordinated, and when necessary sacrificed, to the grandeur of France, and the advancement of his ambitious designs. Napoleon no doubt, really desired and intended that the States he bestowed on his brothers should be well and wisely governed, as far as was consistent with their allegiance to France, and to the requisitions of his system; but the two objects were found to be totally incompatible, and eventually Napoleon had more trouble, embarrassment and annoyance in dealing with the members of his own family than with any of the vanquished rulers who had been forced to bend their necks under his yoke.

This correspondence presents innumerable proofs of the love of order and financial regularity, as well as the indignation against speculation and plunder, which distinguished the Emperor; he repeatedly enjoins Joseph to punish the offenders—not to spare even the

generals, and to compel Marshal Massena himself to disgorge his discreditable gains:—"I have minute accounts of the sums that M. S.* and other officers have received. I have dismissed S., who has been at the bottom of the whole affair. . . . It is only adding insult to injury—to say that we have received a present of money from governments that we came to establish. . . . Take care that regular accounts are sent by the paymaster to the Treasury. These are formalities from which I myself am not exempted—and they are the safeguard of the State." April 10.

At the time when Joseph arrived at Naples nothing could be more odious and unpopular than the government he supplanted. The Republic (established seven years before), which had enjoyed an ephemeral existence of six months, had left behind it some liberal ideas, and a considerable desire for constitutional and administrative reforms.† The sanguinary reaction which took place on the downfall of the Republic, and the perfidy and cruelty of the Court (instigated by the Queen) on its restoration, had not been forgotten; and these recollections, together with the wretched state of all the civil institutions of the country, made the bulk of the nation regard the French as liberators rather than invaders, from whom the desired alterations and improvements in their social condition might be expected. The feudal and monastic systems had been preserved with all their abuses. The financial administration was ruinously vicious and inefficient, the police intolerably tyrannical and cruel. Individual liberty did not exist. The chief of the police, who likewise presided over the criminal justice of the kingdom, exercised unlimited power. He annulled at pleasure the decrees of the tribunals, inflicting fines, corporal and even capital punishment, at his discretion, without any appeal from his sentences. None were secure from arbitrary arrest, and the prisons (placed in the most populous quarters of the city) were subject to infectious diseases from the insalubrity of the air. The jailors were generally old police officers (Sbirri), men of brutal characters and habits, who sported with the sufferings and misery of the wretched men under their charge. No registers being kept, many criminals were forgotten, and thereby escaped punishment, while the innocent often remained for years confounded with the malefactors, and were neither brought to trial nor set at liberty. The financial system was at variance with every sound principle of political economy, partial in its character, and oppressive to the mass of the people, without being advantageous to the favored classes, or profitable to

* We do not know who 'S.' was.

† From January to June, 1799.

the State. Joseph was sincerely desirous of effecting a thorough reformation of these various abuses, and lost no time in making the attempt. He found it easier, however, to pull down the old edifice than to erect a new one, affording all the benefits he wished to bestow on his subjects. Though by his laws he accomplished great improvements in almost every branch of administration, the old abuses were in many instances replaced by new ones, which were the more obnoxious because the Neapolitans were unaccustomed to them. The numerous army he was obliged to maintain, by multiplying the public charges, and occasioning great license and disorders, aggravated the privations and sufferings of the people. The new laws promised security, personal inviolability, and justice; but these promises were very imperfectly kept, and courts martial and extraordinary tribunals exercised a jurisdiction not less arbitrary, and often as severe as that of the ancient police. The wise alterations introduced in the fiscal system would have commanded general approbation, if the collection of the revenue, and the partition of taxation, had not been entrusted to corrupt and dishonest agents, who neglected their highest duties, made a traffic of their functions, and were guilty of the most flagrant acts of partiality and injustice. Some mistakes, too, were made in the monastic reforms (not the least necessary and important) which prevented all the contemplated benefits being derived from them, both to education and to literature and science.* While Joseph was occupied with these more congenial cares, Napoleon kept urging on military operations, and measures of severity and repression. Three great objects remained to be accomplished;—the reduction of the fortress of Gaeta, the suppression of the Calabrian insurrection, and the expedition against Sicily;—all of which engaged the attention of the Emperor, who sent constant and minute instructions for carrying them on. He writes: "My brother, I received your letter of 5 April. I am glad to see that a village of the rebels has been burnt. Severe examples are necessary. I presume the village was pillaged by the soldiers. That is the way to treat villages which revolt. It is the right of war, but it is also a political duty."†

Notwithstanding this, and many similar passages in his letters, we think that Napoleon was not of a cruel disposition,—that is, he had none of those fierce and vindictive passions which find a gloomy pleasure in the in-

fiction of pain and evil. On the other hand, he was reckless of human life, and indifferent to the happiness or misery of his fellow-creatures, never for a moment allowing any moral or humane considerations to interfere with his policy, or any object he had in view. He was not unlike Cromwell in this respect, and there is great similarity, both in act and motive, in the storms and massacres of Tredagh and Wexford in 1649, and the storm and sack of Pavia in 1796. In both cases the object was to strike terror, and ensure future submission, and in both frightful butcheries were perpetrated by orders of the commanders. But Napoleon was generally inclined to protect the inhabitants of the countries he invaded, and to repress and punish the avarice and extortion of his soldiers. He writes:—"All the measures you have taken for establishing military commanders, are good: but take care that the generals do not rob. If they conduct themselves arbitrarily, if they wrong and fleece the people, the provinces will be lost. It is necessary to strike hard: to degrade and to hand over to a court martial the first who shall rob." Apr. 26.

Joseph, king as he was, never ventured to do anything without first taking the pleasure of the Emperor, even in matters relating exclusively to his own affairs; and he requests H. M. will inform him of his intentions as to the royal arms of Naples, the livery of his household, the national flag, colors, and cockade. Sometimes he writes with a mixture of flattery and *épanchement*. "Now I understand the soundness of the principles which I have often heard from the mouth of Y. M., and I acknowledge that experience proves to me how true it is that we must see to everything ourselves; that we must never lose a minute; that we must never rely upon anybody's efficiency; and that everything is possible to a firm leader. I say ten times a day, the Emperor was very right. I don't know why I write this, but that I have fortunately kept up the habit of writing at once to your majesty. You have also the habit of taking things in good part.—You will not misunderstand the involuntary utterance of my heart." May 8.

Joseph had asked for instructions as to the revival of the orders of knighthood, particularly that of St. Januarius, established by Charles III. Napoleon replies, "I have also been thinking about the Order of St. Januarius, but we must still wait. . . . It appears to me quite too religious. At the first glance I do not like an order which attaches itself to the Bourbons its founders. It is necessary for institutions that something new be produced and that they should at once be put as much as possible in harmony with the age. No one in Europe can hear the name of St. Januarius without laughing. Something should be found

* Orloff, Mem. sur Naples, tom. iii. ch. 10.

† April 21.—Not long after, in the middle of a letter on various matters, he says; "I am glad to see that the Marquis of Rhodio has been shot." But this execution, which gave so much pleasure to Napoleon, seriously annoyed Joseph, who considered it an illegal and atrocious act. It was perpetrated in his absence by Salicetti.

to command respect and tempt imitation." May 21.

Joseph had written a flourishing account of his great influence at Naples, asserting that the opinion of the country was generally favorable to him, from the Duke d'Ascoli, who had been King Ferdinand's Minister of Police, down to the humblest Neapolitan; that he could command them all, for they were convinced of his good intentions. The reply of the Emperor is very striking. "My Brother, You do not know people in general, still less the Italians. You trust too much to the professions they make you. Take every precaution, but without creating alarm; at the least movement which should take place on the continent, that is to say at the moment when you would need the proofs of their attachment, you would see how little reliance you could place on them. I shall not answer for what you have told me of the light-guards. You do not think me so ignorant of the present state of the European mind as to believe that Naples is so philosophical as not to have any native prejudices; and if Naples appears so to your eyes, so must all conquered people, disguising their sentiments and manners and prostrating themselves with respect before him who holds their property and lives in his hands. You believe that the nobility of Vienna have prejudices, and yet princely families invite soldiers to their table; however, what I do is less for Naples than for France, where I need to establish a union of all classes of citizens and of all prejudices. As to the army, I hope when it is told that it is I who order, it will choose to find it right; and I have not accustomed it to meddle with what I do. . . . I still recommend you, not to allow yourself to be carried away by the demonstrations of the Neapolitans. Victory produces the same effect on all people that it does on the Neapolitans to-day; they are attached to you because contradictory passions keep them silent, but let there be but the commencement of troubles on the continent, or let the 40,000 French in the kingdom of Naples be reduced to a few thousand men, or the report be spread that I have been defeated on the Ionzo . . . you would see what would become of this beautiful attachment. And how could it be otherwise? what have you done for them? How do you know them? they see the power of France and they believe because you are named King of Naples, it is all settled, because the nature of things orders it thus, because it is a novelty, and because there is no remedy for it." May 24.

It is amusing to see how Napoleon's bile is stirred at the mention of Sir Sydney Smith, no doubt from the recollection of St. Jean d'Acre, and he always spoke of him with affected contempt. "Sidney Smith is an easy

man to deceive. I have often offered him ambuscades in which he has always fallen. When he has gone through three or four he will finish by being weary." May 24. "Never talk of Sidney Smith. All he asks is to make a noise, and the more you talk about him the more he will seek to embroil himself in petty manœuvring."* May 27.

Napoleon continually recommends his brother to be on his guard against assassination, adding (what never was suspected) that he himself took similar precautions. "I have already told you and I still repeat it, you trust yourself too much to the Neapolitans. I must say this to you especially in regard to your cooking and your body-guard. Without which you would run the risk of being poisoned or assassinated. I firmly desire then that you keep your French cooks, that you have the hotel-keepers wait upon you at table, and that your internal arrangements be such that you may be always guarded by Frenchmen. You are not enough acquainted with my private life to know, how, even in France, I am always guarded by my most faithful and oldest soldiers. . . . Let your valets-de-chambre, your cooks, the guards who sleep in your apartment, those who waken you in the night to deliver despatches, be Frenchmen. No one should enter your room at night but your A. D. C., who should sleep in the ante-chamber adjoining your bedroom. Your door should be fastened on the inside, and you should not open it, to your A. D. C. until you clearly recognize his voice. He also should not knock at your door until he has taken care to fasten that of the chamber in which he is, in order to be sure that he is alone and that no one can follow him. These precautions are important . . . really they may save your life." May 31.

Such suspicions and precautions resemble the character and the times of Cæsar Borgia, rather than those of Napoleon, and the representation thus put before Joseph of the peril of his situation was little calculated to make his new crown sit lightly on his head. Joseph had made his entry into Naples on the 4th May, and the next day a deputation from the Senate presented to him an address by the mouth of M. Roederer, his most trusted councillor, and a man of considerable ability, though for some unexplained reason very much out of favor with the Emperor, who, though he suffered Joseph to make him his minister, was perpetually finding fault with him. The speeches made on this occasion not only by Roederer, but by Joseph himself, excited the displeasure of Napoleon, the ex-

* He was not very wrong in his estimate of Sir Sydney Smith, who was very brave, but inordinately vain and accessible to flattery. (Sir H. Bunbury's Narrative, pp. 76, 79, et passim.)

pression of which was nevertheless tempered with some kindly feeling towards his brother.

"My Brother, I have not been able to put the address of M. Rœderer in the *Moniteur*, for in truth it has no sense. He speaks in the name of the Senate as he would do in a newspaper article; he puts me by the side of Machiavel. . . . I read also some phrases in your address which you will allow me to pronounce bad. You compare the attachment of the French to my person to that of the Neapolitans for you: that would seem to be an epigram; what love do you suppose a people can have for you, for whom you have done nothing and among whom you are by right of conquest? . . . In general, the less you speak in your acts directly or indirectly of me or of France, the better it will be. . . . If you had not a French army, and the old king of Naples had not an English army, who would be the strongest at Naples? Certainly, I have no need of a foreign army to keep me in Paris. I am pained to remark a sort of infatuation in your letter, and infatuation is very dangerous. . . . You are mild, moderate: you have a good mind, you are appreciated; but there is a great difference between that and a national feeling, between a reasonable, affectionate submission and one of interest. These shades cannot escape you. I do not know why I say it to you, when it is going to trouble you; but there must be a tone of becoming propriety in your acts and all your political speeches which should give a just idea of your character." June 3.

In the middle of June, Napoleon became very impatient for the invasion of Sicily, and urged on the preparation of the expedition, into all the details of which he entered with his usual minuteness and precision. Although he had not long before endeavored to inspire Joseph with some martial ardor, and had advised him to seek "reputation at the cannon's mouth," when the moment for action was likely to approach, his unerring good sense suggested the inexpediency of placing a man of Joseph's unwarlike disposition, and total ignorance and inexperience of military affairs, in the command of an army, and he points out, with his usual penetration, the qualities and comparative fitness of his marshals and generals (Jourdan, Massena, Verdier, and Regnier), for the different parts to be assigned to them, recommending Joseph himself to stay at home. "The command of the 9000 men who are to land first in Sicily, requires a firm man, who has seen great service. . . . In the trade of war as in letters, each one has his vocation. If there were to be animated, protracted attacks, or if great daring were required, Massena is more suitable than Regnier. To protect the kingdom from all invasion, during your absence Jourdan is preferable to Massena."

He then gives the most minute directions as to the troops to be employed and the operations, and proceeds—"If you had really warlike habits, I should counsel you to proceed with the three divisions, but it is more proper that you remain at Naples; it is playing too dangerous a game and you would be of no use; in short, your presence will not strengthen these divisions. You have not the habits of war, so that the evil which would ensue if you were defeated, would not be compensated by the benefit of your presence. . . . You must aspire to that kind of glory which belongs to you, and not run the risk of compromising all by pursuing a kind of glory which is not yours. . . . You are not such a military man as a king should be. . . . If Sicily were not so far, and I should find myself with the vanguard, I would pass on with it; but with my experience in war, I could beat 30,000 English with 9,000 men. . . . The expedition to Sicily is easy, because the passage is but one league; but this must be made by system, as nothing succeeds by chance. . . . Nothing can be done in war, but by calculation. All that is not profoundly meditated on, produces no result." June 6.

In this letter he evinces his profound contempt for the military talents of Joseph, and his prodigious but not unreasonable confidence in his own. He had no knowledge, however, of the British troops, and was totally ignorant of the stuff of which they were made, although fated before long to find out, by disastrous experience, that his boast of what he could accomplish was only a vain fanfaronade. All this time immense preparations were making for the siege of Gaeta, and Joseph exerted himself with the utmost zeal to carry out the Emperor's instructions. On the 21st June, Napoleon notifies to him the arrival of Lord Yarmouth at Paris, with powers for making peace. Sicily presented the greatest difficulty, and Napoleon asserts that the British Government desired no better than to give up that point, and that they had deferred for six weeks to send any succors to the island, in hopes that Joseph might in the mean time have effected its reduction. Every part of this statement was false. The Whig Ministers were impressed with the paramount importance of maintaining Sicily, and had directed Lord Collingwood to detach a squadron for the express purpose of protecting the island. At no time was any question entertained by our Government of surrendering Sicily, and on the 26th June Mr. Fox instructed Lord Yarmouth to make its retention a *sine qua non*.

In the midst of the gravest affairs of war and politics, Napoleon finds time to notice certain attempts of which he accused the Neapolitan Ministers, especially Rœderer, to lure away some of the principal actors and dancers

from Paris, at which he appears to have been extremely offended. "That blunderhead Rœderer does everything for his own advantage. . . . He wishes also to carry off our comedians; and on whom do you think he has cast his eye? on nothing less than Fleury and Talma.* I only speak of it because they have declared that they cannot listen to these suggestions, unless they are authorized. M. Rœderer does not then know that not one of my subjects will leave France without my order." June 24.

And soon after, a similar attempt on less distinguished artists, calls forth a fresh burst of indignation. "My Brother, M. Cellerier entices the actors and actresses from Paris to Naples. Already have one or two actresses of the opera signified their wish to go to Naples. You see how ridiculous this conduct is: if you want dancers from the opera, by Heaven, I will send you as many as you want, but it is not proper to entice them away.† It is thus, that Russia has acted; and I was so displeased at this conduct, that I sent word to the Emperor of Russia, that I would send him all the actresses from the opera, if he wished, with the exception however of Madame Gardel." June 29.†

While King Joseph was occupied with the siege of Gaeta, the suppression of brigandage and assassination, as well as the cares of internal administration and necessary reforms, the English were preparing for a descent on the Calabrian coast; and on the evening of the 30th June, Sir John Stuart, at the head of rather more than 5,000 men, anchored in the Bay of St. Euphemia, and effected a landing. On the 4th July he attacked and defeated General Regnier on the plains of Maida. The French army was more than 6,000 strong, with some cavalry, an arm in which the English were totally deficient. Regnier, with the usual exaggeration and inaccuracy of French official reports, in his account of the action, represented the British force to be one-third more numerous than his own, estimating the former at 8,000 infantry and 2,000 armed peasants. This defeat must have been the more provoking to Napoleon, because he had expressed great satisfaction, on hearing that the British had landed, his astonishment at the fatality which had driven them to be so rash, and anticipated their annihilation as a matter of course; it is no wonder, therefore, that he soon after wrote in very bad humor, and found fault with everything and everybody, both in reference to the operations in Calabria, and to

the policy adopted towards the Neapolitan people. He says, "The false dispositions made in Calabria, will cost me more men than the great army has; all the art of war consists in a well ordered and extremely circumspect defensive and in a bold and rapid offensive." July 28.*

The siege of Gaeta had been protracted for four months, but at last the place was obliged to surrender (on the 18th July), the Prince of Hesse, who defended it with obstinate gallantry, having been wounded and put *hors de combat*.† All this time negotiations for peace were going on at Paris, and the Emperor continually gave Joseph reason to expect that Sicily would be ceded to him, although it is impossible to discover on what ground he could have thought so himself. At the outset of the negotiation, Lord Yarmouth asked M. de Talleyrand whether Sicily would be demanded, to which he replied, "You are in possession of it, and we do not ask it of you." On the 19th of June, however, he informed Lord Y. "that the Emperor had received reports from his brother and generals, that Naples would not be held without Sicily, etc.," and from that time the cession of the island, or its exchange for some other territory, was constantly insisted on by the French, though never admitted by the English negotiators.‡ "I believe that the negotiations with England will not go on well; she has taken it into her head to retain Sicily for the old king of Naples; this clause does not suit me. July 15. It is always negotiation with the English. Sicily is always the stumbling block; however they appear to yield a little." July 21.§

It was probably the peace with Russia

* Joseph in reply says:—"I do not understand how it is that Y. M. does not render more justice to my efforts. If Y. M. knew the country and the real disposition of the troops, you would see that I have done all you say I should."

† This Prince of Hesse was half crazy: he was dissolute and regardless of rules, but very brave and active, and by his courageous example, and a familiar buffoonery, which delighted his troops, he had gained great influence over them. (Sir Henry Bunbury, p. 70.)

‡ The French first proposed a kingdom patched up out of parts of Albania and Dalmatia, and afterwards the Balearic Islands (which were to be taken from Spain), as an indemnity to King Ferdinand.

§ The only apparent ground for this expectation is a despatch of Mr. Fox (18th July), in which he says, (referring to the proposals of an exchange for Sicily), "if there could, with the consent of his Sicilian Majesty, be any question of an exchange for Sicily, by the creation of a new State, this could only be done by annexing to Dalmatia the whole of Istria, and a large part if not the whole of the Venetian States, including the City of Venice itself. In some such shape as this, it is possible the proposition might be rendered not wholly unacceptable to his Sicilian Majesty."

* Fleury the best comic, and Talma the greatest tragedian in France; both super-excellent.

† Joseph denied all these charges, and entreated the Emperor to be on his guard against the stories that were reported to him. Madame Gardel was a famous dancer.

(signed by M. D'Oubril, but eventually not ratified by the Emperor Alexander), which led him to believe England would be terrified into this concession. "My brother,—You may publish the peace with Russia. . . . A courier who has just come from London makes me think that this decision of Russia has greatly astonished the English, and that they are not far from letting Sicily go. . . . If these first impressions are confirmed, you will have the most beautiful kingdom in the world; and I hope that by the vigor you will manifest in forming an army and a squadron, you will powerfully aid me to become master of the Mediterranean, the principal and constant aim of my policy." July 21.* The negotiations advance constantly. It appears that Sicily is given up and is no longer an obstacle. It is possible that before ten days, all that may be yours." July 26. Four days later he writes: "You shall have Naples and Sicily; you shall be recognized by all Europe, but if you do not take more vigorous measures than you have taken heretofore, you will be shamefully dethroned in the first continental war. You are too mild, especially for the country where you are. You must disarm, condemn and banish. July 30. Do not employ the Neapolitan troops, who would abandon you, if I were defeated in Italy. You must calculate on this; employ troops who would not abandon you. . . . The Neapolitan patriots and those who have been in France at the time of the revolution in Italy, would be faithful. I do not speak of the French army, since the destiny of France could not be put in the balance, except by united Europe, etc., etc. . . . The destiny of your reign depends on your conduct, on your return from Calabria. Do not pardon; cause at least six hundred rebels to be shot. They have killed a much greater number of soldiers for me. Burn the houses of thirty of the principal chiefs of the villages and distribute their property among the army; disarm all the inhabitants; let five or six large villages belonging to those who have conducted the worst be pillaged. Recommend the soldiers to treat those villages well, which have remained faithful. . . . You see the terror which the queen inspires; certainly I do not propose that you should imitate her example, but it is no less true, that this is power. If you conduct yourself with vigor and energy, the Calabrians and others will not stir for thirty years. I shall finish my letter as I have commenced it. You will be king of Naples and Sicily. You will have three or four years of peace. If you make yourself an idle king; if you do not hold the reins with a firm and decided hand; if you

* To attain this object he held out to England, as a bait, the restoration of Hanover, and the cession of the Hanse towns in addition.

listen to the opinion of the people, who do not know what they want; if you do not destroy abuses and ancient usurpations, so that you may be rich; if you do not impose such taxes, that you can maintain in your service, Frenchmen, etc., etc. . . . you will do nothing at all, and in four years, in place of being useful to me, you will injure me, for you will take away my resources." July 30.

He continues to intimate to Joseph that he may expect Sicily to be given up to him. "My Brother,—It appears that the English relent; the negotiations are commenced in form. . . . As the King of England knows that I wish to remain master of Naples and Sicily, this point may be considered as understood. . . . You will have a beautiful kingdom. It is not for you to go to sleep on the throne. . . . It must not be lost sight of, that might and severe justice, make the mercy of Kings. You confound too much the goodness of kings with the goodness of private individuals. I expect to know the amount of property you have confiscated in Calabria, and the number of rebels, to whom you have given full justice. Order three persons in a village, the chiefs of the rebels, to be shot. Have no more regard to the priests than to others." August 6. It is difficult to determine whether Napoleon really thought that his indomitable will, so little accustomed to be thwarted, would extort the sacrifice of Sicily from the English Government, or whether he had some object in deceiving Joseph. During the whole of the negotiations, the English Plenipotentiaries insisted on retaining Sicily, and in the first instance they even demanded the restoration of Naples, from which demand they only receded on the understanding of *uti possidetis* being the basis of negotiation. Lord Yarmouth asserted that this had been agreed on between Talleyrand and himself, but the agreement was only verbal, and never reduced to writing, and at a later stage of the negotiation, the French Ministers denied it altogether. Lord Grenville (in the House of Lords, 2nd January, 1807) said, 'would it not have been an indelible disgrace to this country to have given up Sicily to France, on her offer of an equivalent? It was not for us to barter it away for any equivalent without the consent of the Sovereign.'

The Emperor continues to criticise Joseph's measures, and to reprove him for not being severe enough, and not listening to his advice. "Some decided advantages will inspire such terror, that no one will dare to land in your dominions. I have seen la Vendée trouble which it was thought could not be brought to an end. I have seen the Bedouins trouble and vex my troops in Egypt. A few great checks put an end to the whole of it and restored tranquillity. But those who surround you, have no knowledge of men. You do not

listen to a man who has done much, seen much, meditated much. Do not follow your system of national guards; nothing will be more dangerous. These persons will become puffed up and believe they have not been conquered. All foreign people who have this idea are insubordinate." August 9. It is amusing to see the contemptuous incredulity with which he treats facts reported to him which it does not please him to hear. "All that you tell me of the money scattered by the English is false. I have not changed. I understand all these rumors. . . . My old experience enlightens me still more than all the hints that can be given me." August 7. Notwithstanding his confidence in his power, and in his fortune, he always anticipates the possibility of some reverse, and advises Joseph to bear this in mind continually in all the measures he adopts. "I flatter myself that you have now nothing to fear. You will be king of Naples and Sicily. But take more serious measures. In signing each act, ask yourself; would this be well if the French army was driven into Alexandria? If you are not penetrated with this principle, you will not reign long. . . . A single Italian cry: 'Drive the barbarians beyond the Alps,' would tear from you all your army. I wish you to consult me on such important matters. You are not to think you can come to my camp. A king must defend himself and die in his own state. An emigrant and vagabond king is a silly fellow." August 7.

Massena, who marched into Calabria to repair the defeat of Regnier, carried on his operations with great severity, the revolted villages were set on fire, and the inhabitants massacred without regard to sex or age. Joseph seems to have got the better of his humane weakness, for he tells Napoleon, that there are more victims in Calabria than he (Napoleon) could desire, but that this was inevitable, and he had no compassion for them. Gaeta having surrendered, and Massena having succeeded in quelling the Calabrian insurrection and re-establishing the authority of the Government in those provinces, the end of the year 1806 appeared to promise Joseph a less stormy reign than that of the preceding ten months. After informing the Emperor of the state of his military affairs, he says—"I have already told Y. M., and I repeat it, that the great men of the kingdom, who are also the richest proprietors, are decidedly favorable to the new government; the greater part of those who have property are on my side, some have taken arms in my favor, none against me, so that I cannot complain of the Calabrian proprietors; but unfortunately they are few in number, and almost all others arm themselves against the authority which protects them, whenever foreign aid overcomes their natural

cowardice; the war is one between the rich and the poor. Your Majesty does not know me, when you accuse me of weakness, and of being a *roi fainéant*. I have the same feelings and sentiments as yourself, and to the same extent. I grudge no trouble and no sacrifices, and an active existence agrees with me better than retirement, in which, nevertheless, I was always happy. Certainly, I am not a great soldier, but I am able to appreciate the counsels of Your Majesty, and if I do not always follow them, it is because I am often unprovided with the means of so doing.*

On the occasion of the Emperor's birth-day, Joseph indulges in a little strain of sentiment mixed with flattery. "I shall remain here till Y. M.'s birth-day, of which I wish you joy. I hope that you will be gratified at the expression of my affection; all the glories of the empire are less precious to me than the Napoleon to whom I have been so long and tenderly attached, and whom I could wish to find, again, such as he was to me twenty years ago, *si l'on se retrouve aux Champs Elysées*."† To this effusion Napoleon replied, in a good-natured though less sentimental strain: "I am sorry you think that you can only find your brother again in the Elysian Fields; it is but natural that, at forty years of age, he should not feel towards you as he did at twelve; but his sentiments have greater reality and strength, and his friendship *a les traits de son dñe*."‡ He frequently repeats, that a revolt at Naples is to be desired, inasmuch as its suppression would strengthen the government. "I should like, very much, to see a revolt of the Neapolitan populace. You will never be their master till you have made an example of them. All conquered people have need of a revolt. I should regard one at Naples in the same way as the father of a family sees the small-pox amongst his children: the crisis is salutary, provided it does not too much weaken their constitutions."§

Joseph was very anxious to keep Roederer in his service; Napoleon consents, but expresses a contemptuous opinion of him, and predicts that Joseph would repent of his choice. "You are a young man, and nature has made you too good; we must not always judge by our impressions, but look to experience; however, I will say no more, because I have just recollected, that my letters are seen by many persons. What I tell you is certain; my letters have been quoted at Paris, and I have recognized my own expressions; as you write to me with your own hand, no one else ought to read my letters, which you should keep under lock and key. You are justly reproached with talking too much of your affairs

* Aug. 8.

† Aug. 23.

‡ Aug. 8, 1806.

§ Aug. 17.

to too many people . . . You would do well to attach Massena to yourself ; for, without having great military talents, he is a man of strong character, who may be very necessary to you.*

The Emperor constantly enters into minute details concerning his troops, such as it appears marvellous he could find time for, but of which he affords this explanation : " the good condition of my army is the consequence of my devoting two or three hours in every day to its examination ; and when the monthly states of my armaments, both military and naval (which form twenty thick volumes), are sent to me, I give up every other occupation in order to read them in detail, and to observe the difference between one monthly-return and another. No young girl enjoys her novel so much as I do these books. It shocks me to see your troops scattered through different provinces." †

Events were now rapidly bringing on the rupture between France and Prussia. History records nothing more melancholy and disgraceful than the mixture of weakness, perfidy, and profligacy which had marked the policy of the Prussian Government for the two or three preceding years. For about ten years, Prussia had been endeavoring to provide for her own safety by remaining perfectly quiet, and abstaining from all interference with the affairs of Europe. The king was one of the first to recognize the title of the Emperor Napoleon, who had evinced a strong desire to form a close connection with the Court of Berlin, in which he so far succeeded, that when the rupture in the north became imminent, Prussia agreed to maintain a strict neutrality. This engagement did not, however, prevent the Prussian Cabinet from cultivating friendly relations with that of St. Petersburg ; and her fears and suspicions of the power and designs of France having been subsequently aroused, the two Courts agreed upon a secret convention (in May, 1804), for the purpose of restraining the encroachments of the First Consul. Mutual jealousies, however, did not allow this alliance to be either cordial or lasting. Before long, the relations of the two countries assumed a less friendly character, and Prussia began to incline towards a connection with France. When the coalition was formed in 1805, it was a great object with the Allied Powers to engage Prussia on their side ; but she dreaded the consequences of the impending strife, and determined if possible to avert it ; and under her mediation a negotiation took place between France and Russia, without however any result except that of deferring the contest for a few months ; and the united and strenuous efforts of England and Russia were unavailing to induce Prussia to depart from her

neutrality, and join the common cause. On the other hand, as soon as Napoleon saw that war with Austria was inevitable, he was indefatigable in his endeavors to gain Prussia, and as the most tempting bait he could offer, he held out to her the much-coveted acquisition of Hanover.

In August, 1805, the Prussian Government signified its willingness to conclude a treaty offensive and defensive with France, but in pursuance of their usual temporizing policy, they objected to take an active part in the approaching contest. The proposal of a treaty was accepted with alacrity by Napoleon, but subsequent events interfered to prevent this treaty from being ever signed. When the war broke out, Napoleon did not scruple to violate the neutrality of Prussia, by directing the march of his troops through her territories. This outrage excited vast indignation at Berlin, where it was clearly seen that Napoleon neither respected nor feared their power. Stung with the indignity, and urged by the resentment of the nation, the fickle Cabinet of Prussia, began again to shift its policy and to assume a hostile attitude towards France. They gave to the Russians the same permission to pass through their territories, which the French had assumed, and began to form armies of observation. Availing himself of the increasing irritation against France, the Emperor Alexander repaired to Berlin, and in November a treaty was concluded between Russia and Prussia, for the purpose of regulating the affairs of Europe, and erecting a barrier against French aggression. After the departure of the Emperor Alexander from Berlin, the old habit of temporizing again took possession of the Prussian Government, and Napoleon was permitted to advance without interruption to Vienna. Again, the shifting and vacillating policy of Prussia now inclined her towards the Coalition, and made her assume an attitude of hostility to France. In November Haugwitz was sent to the headquarters of the Emperor Napoleon, to offer certain terms of peace, and to notify that the rejection of them would be followed by a declaration of war. Napoleon thought it his interest to temporize, and desired the Prussian Envoy to repair to Vienna and confer with Talleyrand on the object of his mission. After the battle of Austerlitz, the Emperor Alexander offered to place all his forces at the disposal of Prussia, if she would enter vigorously into the war ; but, far from accepting this offer, she determined to withdraw from what she considered a hopeless contest, and Haugwitz, instead of presenting his ultimatum to Talleyrand, congratulated Napoleon on his victory, and proposed a fresh treaty on the basis of the annexation of Hanover to Prussia. Napoleon bitterly reproached him with the per-

* Aug. 20.

† Aug. 20.

fidy of his government, of whose treacherous machinations he was perfectly aware, but declared his willingness to forgive their past conduct, if they would abandon once for all their ambiguous policy, and unite cordially with France. They promised liberally, and on the 15th December, 1805, a treaty was concluded between the two countries. In the beginning of 1806, their mutual relations again became cold and unsatisfactory, the faithless and wayward conduct of Prussia having involved her in the most wretched perplexity and embarrassment. She was distracted between the shame of partitioning the territories of England, her old ally, together with the fear of offending Russia, on one side, and dread of the power and vengeance of France on the other, and as usual, she strove to escape from her dilemma, by steering a middle course. She proposed to ratify the treaty of December 15th, but with certain modifications. Napoleon was furious, and refused to listen to any modifications. He saw that no serious or durable alliance was possible with such a Power, and that it was useless to cultivate a friendship which would prove too hollow and insincere to be of any value to him. Prussia was terrified at his indignation, and consented to all that was required of her. On the 15th of February, the former treaty was accepted, with additional stipulations; for not only was Hanover annexed to Prussia, but the British flag was excluded from all the ports of that Electorate. The conduct of Prussia in this transaction was described by Mr. Fox to be 'a compound of everything that is contemptible in servility, with everything that is odious in rapacity;'* and England, indignant at the outrage, instantly declared war. Nor while Prussia quarrelled with her old friends did she succeed in conciliating her new protector. Napoleon was disgusted with his degraded tool, and from that moment conceiving for her sentiments of hatred and of profound contempt, in the prosecution of his various schemes he made no account of his alliance with Prussia. The proofs which were soon afforded, that their rights and interests were entirely disregarded by France, filled all ranks in Prussia with feelings of shame and resentment, and the exactions of the French army increased the indignation which soon pervaded all the north of Germany, in the midst of which the excitement of the people and the alarm of the government were greatly increased by the overthrow of the Germanic Empire and the forma-

* "Other nations," Mr. Fox said, "had been obliged to make cessions to France, but none of them had, like Prussia, been reduced to that lowest state of degradation—to consent to become the ministers of the injustice and rapacity of a master."

tion of the Confederation of the Rhine; but when, in addition to these grievances, it was discovered that France had offered to England the restitution of Hanover, and that Prussia was all along duped and deceived by Napoleon; the public indignation broke through all restraints and the cry for war became universal and irresistible. Meanwhile the Emperor of Russia refused to ratify the treaty of peace which M. D'Oubril signed at Paris, and the negotiations between England and France were broken off, though the final rupture did not take place till the war between France and Prussia had actually commenced.* The Prussian Government, encouraged, if not compelled, by the public enthusiasm, having now resolved to brave Napoleon, sent an ultimatum to Paris, in which they demanded that the French troops should immediately evacuate Germany, together with other conditions. No answer was given; indeed, the Emperor had left Paris before the ultimatum was delivered. He had previously written to Joseph:—"I have told you that Russia refuses to ratify. Prussia is arming in a most ridiculous manner: however, she shall soon disarm, or pay dearly for what she is doing. Nothing can exceed the vacillation of this Cabinet. The Court of Vienna makes great protestations, and it is so feeble that I am inclined to put faith in them; however, I am able to face, and shall face, every danger. . . . I am amply provided, and in want of nothing. . . . In a few days I may possibly put myself at the head of my grand army. I have 150,000 men, and with that force I can dictate terms to Berlin, Vienna, and Petersburg. . . . Say nothing of these dispositions, which I wish a victory only to proclaim. . . . Be quite easy about political affairs. . . . If I am obliged to strike a blow, my measures are so well and surely taken, that the total ruin of my enemies will accompany the first notice of my departure from Paris. Let your journals describe me as occupied with hunting, amusements, and negotiations.† The next day he announces the news of the death of Mr. Fox, but adds, that all hope of peace is not gone. 'Prussia makes me a thousand protestations, which do not prevent my taking all precautions; in a few days she will either disarm or be destroyed. Austria declares her intention to remain neutral. Russia does not know what she wants, but her distance renders her powerless; such in two words is the state of affairs.‡ Five days later, he writes, 'the European horizon is still rather dark; it is possible that I may very shortly be at war with the King of Prussia.' He then gives some instructions

* Lord Lauderdale left Paris nine days after the Emperor had set out to take command of his army.

† Sept. 12.

‡ Sept. 13.

about certain military movements in Calabria and elsewhere, and says, 'You alone must be apprised of these dispositions. . . . In a few days it is possible I may have settled everything with Prussia, or if not, that the Prussians may be so completely beaten in the first encounters, that a few days may terminate the contest. . . . I repeat to you, you will do injury to your affairs, if you allow anybody else to see this letter. I am in the habit of meditating for three or four months beforehand on the best course to pursue, and to calculate on the possibility of the worst event occurring.* This calculation does not in the slightest degree diminish his confidence in the result of the approaching contest. 'As soon as the reports of the armaments in preparation reach Naples, announce that all will be settled; and when you hear of the commencement of hostilities, say that I am acting in concert with England to compel Prussia to restore Hanover; as Lord Lauderdale is still at Paris, this will not appear improbable. . . . Don't be at all alarmed; you will only hear of my arrival at the army, and of the commencement of hostilities, by the news of my success.'†

The battle of Jena was fought on the 14th October, and ten days after the victory, Napoleon writes: "I have destroyed the Prussian monarchy; if the Russians come, I shall destroy them likewise; and I have no fear of the Austrians."‡

A month later he writes: "My affairs are very prosperous. . . My army is on the Vistula; Poland full of enthusiasm. . . . I have got all the strong places, have taken 140,000 prisoners, 800 pieces of cannon, and 250 standards and colors. The Prussian army and monarchy have ceased to exist."§

Joseph kept the Emperor constantly informed of the military and civil affairs of his kingdom, complaining very much of his financial difficulties, and of the discontent produced by a rigorous collection of the revenue and the disorders committed by the soldiery. In the month of March, a M. Vecchioni, in a high judicial office, was convicted of a treasonous correspondence with the enemy. He was an old man of previously irreproachable life; and having appealed to the clemency of Joseph, the king, against the remonstrances of his ministers, insisted on pardoning him, and setting him at liberty; an act creditable to his humanity and good nature, and very unlike what would have been the conduct of his Bourbon predecessor or successor.

In 1807, the Emperor was waging war against Russia, and for some time established his winter quarters at Osterode, whence, in a letter

to Joseph, he says that the officers of the staff and colonels had not taken their clothes off for two and some of them for four months (and that he himself had been fifteen days without taking his boots off), in the middle of snow and mud, without bread, wine, or brandy, living on potatoes and meat, continually marching, countermarching, and fighting; and that it is too ridiculous to compare such troops with the army of Naples, making war in a delightful country, where they are abundantly supplied with every luxury and comfort, even with society and with women; he continues "After having destroyed the Prussian monarchy, we are fighting against the remnant of the Prussians, against Russians, Cossacks, and Kalmucks, and the tribes of the north, who formerly invaded the Roman Empire. We are making war with the utmost force and rigor. In the midst of these prodigious fatigues, almost everybody has been more or less ill; as to myself, I never was stronger, and I am even grown fat."¶

Joseph had received the news of the battle of Eylau (February 8th), on which he congratulated his brother; but not long afterwards he writes him a letter which does credit to his good sense, frankness, and courage. After some compliments to the perspicuity and knowledge of mankind, which he says so eminently distinguish Napoleon, he goes on,— "Sir,—I am in the mood, which Your Majesty will comprehend, in which I take pleasure in saying what I think right. Well, then, Y. M. ought to make peace, cost what it may (*a tout prix*). Y. M. is everywhere victorious and triumphant; you ought to spare the blood of your people. The sovereign ought to temper the hero. You ought not to care about a little more or a little less territory. Any concessions you may make will be glorious, because they will be useful to your people, who are shedding their best blood, and because, victorious and invincible as you are universally acknowledged to be, nobody will imagine that any conditions can have been forced upon you by a vanquished enemy. Sire, it is my attachment to a brother, who has behaved like a father to me, and my duty to France, as well as to the people over whom you have placed me, which dictate to me the expression of these truths. As far as I am concerned, I beg you will dispose of me in any way that may conduce to this desirable end. I shall be perfectly satisfied with any arrangement you may make concerning myself. You ought not to expose to the chances of events the finest monument that was ever raised to the grandeur of the human race; I mean the mighty edifice of glory and greatness which you have raised in the last ten years."‡ This

* Sept. 18.
† Oct. 25.

‡ Sept. 20.
§ Nov. 15.

* March 1.

† March 29.

sensible and prophetic advice was taken in good part, but of course not attended to, by Napoleon, who replied, "I have received your letter of the 29th, and thank you for all you say. Peace is a marriage which depends on a union of inclinations; if we must still fight, I am ready; you see I am raising fresh troops. I am not of your opinion, that you are popular with the Neapolitans. . . No doubt your people will become attached to you after eight or ten years of peace, when you know them and they know you; attachment with a nation means esteem, and they esteem their sovereign when he is dreaded by the bad, and when the good regard him with such confidence, that he may count on their fidelity and assistance on all occasions."* One of Joseph's measures of reform had been the suppression of the convents; and the manner in which this was done displeased the Emperor, who did not fail to give his attention to this matter, even in the middle of the arduous campaign in which he was engaged; and he criticised in these terms:—"I am not satisfied with your preamble to the suppression of the convents. In what concerns religion, the language employed should be of a religious and not of a philosophical character. In this consists the great art of government, which is not possessed by a mere writer and man of letters. Why talk of the services which the monks have rendered to art and science? It is not by such services that they have recommended themselves, but by the administration of religious aids. Such a preamble is entirely philosophical, and that is not what is required; it is insulting to the men you expel. This preamble to the suppression would have been all very well, if it had been in accordance with the monacal system. Disagreeable things are better endured from one who agrees with you, than from a person of a different opinion. You ought to have said that the monks were so numerous that their subsistence was difficult, that the dignity of the state required that they should have enough to live upon, and thence the necessity for a reform, preserving nevertheless a sufficient number for the administration of the sacraments, etc., etc. I tell you this as a general principle. I have a bad opinion of a government whose edicts savor of *le bel esprit*. Each edict ought to have its own appropriate style; a well-informed monk, concurring in the suppression, would have expressed himself differently. People bear injury when unaccompanied with insult, and when the blow does not appear to be struck by the enemies of the state. Now the enemies of the monks are the literary men and the philosophers, of whom you know I

am not fond, since I have everywhere put them down."*

The criticisms of the Emperor might have been extended to the measure itself, which does not seem to have been judiciously framed or altogether successful. The wealth of the religious orders would have been sufficient, under a good administration, to produce great resources; but unhappily it was dilapidated by imprudent sales, in order to procure funds for the payment of the state creditors, and for the prosecution of the war; besides which the favorites of the new Court managed to get possession of some of the finest properties by fictitious purchases. Then the measure of conventual suppression was inadequately carried out, and very unwise exceptions made in the general plan; the libraries, archives, and other objects of art preserved in the monasteries, were carried off by the monks, who sold the most precious monuments relating to the arts, science, and history of their country. The Government contented itself with suppressing the rich monasteries, in order to obtain possession of their wealth, while they left untouched the poor ones, which were at once the least useful and most vicious. The measure, therefore, of monastic reform, however well intended, redounded very little to the credit or the popularity of the king; and it is surprising that its imperfect organization should have escaped the penetration of the Emperor, and that his censure should have been limited to the forms of proceeding.†

Joseph submitted patiently to the displeasure which the Emperor not unfrequently expressed with the acts of his government; but he winced under the independence or impertinence of the French Generals, who treated him with little respect, and against whom he was often provoked to make appeals and complaints to their common master. One of these, who had offended him by what he called "*des propos inconsidérés*," was Cæsar Berthier, the brother of the Prince de Neufchâtel: he says it is not worth while to repeat what that officer had been saying; but it was calculated to injure him, because it implied that Napoleon was dissatisfied with him, and "the people know well enough that everything depends on the pleasure of your Majesty, and they would have no confidence in a man who was so foolish as to be ungrateful to you I cannot conceal from your Majesty, that I have lately received letters both from your Majesty and your Ministers, which lead me to believe that you are dissatisfied with me; nevertheless I do all in my power to merit your favor, and I

* April 14. The bearing of these views may be traced on the occasion of the concordat (some years later), when Napoleon discerned the wisdom of enlisting the priests in his service.

† Orloff, vol. lii. p. 232.

do not think I ought to be scolded by general Dejean. Your Majesty is too enlightened not to appreciate both my sentiments and my position. You are aware, I trust, of all the efforts I make to meet every exigence, how deeply I feel my obligations to your Majesty, and how sensible I am that your reason is even superior to your power. I trust Your Majesty will see by the changes I have made, that I begin to form a more correct judgment of men, and to estimate them according to their proper value.* In reply to this letter, Napoleon writes: "In your correspondence with my Ministers, you must expect to be treated as Commander in Chief of my army, and to receive marks of my displeasure when anything goes wrong. . . . You must resent any chattering and manifestation of discontent. I think the habit of governing will, with your natural good sense and disposition, strengthen your character, and render you capable of conducting this vast machine, if it should be your lot to survive me. Prince Jerome is doing very well. I am much satisfied with him, and greatly deceived if there is not stuff in him to make a first-rate man; not that he has any idea that I think so, for my letters to him are full of severity; † he is adored in Silesia, and I placed him purposely there in an independent command, because I am no believer in the proverb, that 'it is necessary to know how to obey in order to know how to command.' I am tolerably well satisfied with Louis; but he has too charitable a disposition, which is inconsistent with the dignity of a Crown. He does not pay much attention to my advice, which nevertheless I continue to give him; and in time he will be aware of the mistakes he has made." ‡

The Emperor pursued his victorious career, and successively announced to his brother the victory of Friedland, and the peace of Tilsit, while Joseph continued to occupy himself in the internal reforms of his kingdom, and the restoration of tranquillity, reporting every detail of his administration as if he were a provisional governor instead of an independent King. The Emperor, who had little confidence in the abilities of Joseph's Cabinet, writes:—"I greatly fear, by all I hear from Naples, that your finances will be deranged by all sorts of theories and speculations; great experience and long lapse of time are necessary to carry out changes in the financial system of a country, and I see that at the beginning of

your reign, and while still at war, you are making alterations in the mode of collecting the revenue. I am sorry that your opinion is different from mine. I look upon men of cleverness and learning as I do upon coquettes: they are very well to live and converse with, but we should no more think of taking the one for our wives than the other for our Ministers.*

Towards the end of 1807 tranquillity was in great measure restored to the kingdom of Naples, and much of the correspondence about this time relates to the occupation of the Ionian Islands and Cattaro, to which Napoleon attached great importance on account of ulterior objects and designs, which he did not impart even to Joseph, while employing him in the direction of the military operations connected therewith. The letters of Napoleon were often harsh and often unjust; and Joseph, while his replies were full of deference and submission, sometimes ventured to remonstrate against reproaches which he proved to be unfounded. It seems to have been a part of the imperial policy perpetually to find fault, and H. M. never condescended to own himself mistaken or in the wrong. Whenever Joseph asked for more troops, Napoleon replies that he cannot have less than 50 or 60,000 men, which is more than he requires; when he asks for money, Napoleon rejoins that as he has not above 25 or 30,000 men to provide for, he cannot be in want of funds. There was one irreconcilable difference of opinion and sentiment between the brothers: Napoleon recommends harshness and severity in the administration of the government, while Joseph was bent upon endeavoring to conciliate the attachment and fidelity of the Neapolitans by mildness and clemency, and by such reforms and improvements as should be beneficial to the whole country. In the end of November the Emperor visited Italy, and Joseph went to Venice to meet him. There he received a commission to prevail on Lucien to consent to be divorced from his wife, with the view of his contracting some Royal alliance, and being made a King. Lucien had married early in life a very amiable person who died young during the Consulate, and a few years after he re-married with the widow of an agent de change named Joubertou,—a marriage which exceedingly displeased Napoleon, and was one of the causes of their long estrangement.

Lucien was very well disposed to a reconciliation, and to lend himself to promote the Imperial system in anything but the sacrifice of his wife, which he positively and firmly refused, in spite of all consequences to himself, and the entreaties and remonstrances of his

* April 15.

† He was not always so indulgent to Jerome, but he had recently gained his favor by submitting to his pleasure in the matter of divorce. Jerome repudiated his wife, Miss Paterson, daughter of a Baltimore merchant, and married the Princess of Wurtemberg.

‡ May 4.

* July 18.

family. A letter addressed to him by his sister Eliza,* is curious, showing as it does the utter prostration of their wills before the desires and commands of the great man. She says:—"Proposals are made to you which you would have accepted a year ago for the sake of your children and *your wife*, but which now you reject. Don't you see, my dear brother, that the only way to prevent adoptions is to provide his Majesty with relations of his own, of whom he can dispose. In remaining near Napoleon, or accepting a throne at his hands, you will make yourself useful to him. He could marry your daughters, and provided he could find in his own family the means of carrying out his projects and his policy (which are all in all with him) he will not make choice of strangers. We cannot deal with the master of the world as if we were his equals. Nature made us all children of the same father, and his prodigious exploits have made us his subjects. Sovereigns as we are we owe everything to him. There is a noble pride in this confession, and I think our sole glory ought to be to prove by the manner in which we govern that we are worthy of him, and of our race.' As soon as Joseph was apprised of the intention of the Emperor to visit Italy, he sent him a pressing invitation to come to Naples, offering, besides all political motives, the pleasures of extraordinary good shooting; promising him two thousand shots at wild fowl, five hundred woodcocks, and as many ducks, boars, chevreaux, stags, quails, and pheasants. The expelled King would have taken greater delight in a campaign against the wild fowl than in Austerlitz or Friedland; but whether Napoleon was not a sufficiently keen sportsman, or he had other work in hand, he did not proceed so far as Naples, and it is not a little remarkable that he never in his life should have seen either that city or Rome.

It had been settled that Joseph's Queen should join him with their children at Naples, but the state of her health not permitting her to accomplish such a journey, he requests leave of absence from Naples for thirty days, and to be allowed to spend one-third of that time at Paris. He did not get leave, but was summoned to meet the Emperor at Venice, which he did on the 2d of November; it was at this interview that he was ordered to make overtures to Lucien, and he reports the results of his endeavors from Modena. "I met Lucien at Modena: he was very anxious to repair to Your Majesty, particularly after hearing of your goodness to him about whichever of his children is old enough to be established; he wishes to thank you, and is ready to send her to Paris when you think fit. He still maintains that he is satisfied with his lot, and has

no wish to change it, except so far as his doing so might be instrumental to Your Majesty's designs with regard to your dynasty, and compatible with his duty to a wife whom he cannot cast off, who has borne him four children, and with whom he has every reason to be satisfied since their union. Nothing I could say to him elicited any answer but that it was a point of honor with him, not to disown his wife and children, and that he could not dishonor himself were it only in his own estimation. I am sorry to have no better news to give Your Majesty; but God is great and merciful, and every day I become more persuaded that Your Majesty is no less indulgent than myself, and gifted with such inexhaustible resources, that you cannot fail of success in whatever you undertake."† The Emperor himself had an interview with Lucien shortly after, and he writes:—"I have seen Lucien at Mantua, and had a conversation of several hours with him; he will have no doubt told you all about it; his notions are so different from mine, that I can hardly make out what it is that he wants. . . . he seemed to me agitated by opposite feelings, and to want resolution to make up his mind. . . . I exhausted all the means in my power to induce Lucien, who is still young, to devote his talents to my service and to that of his country. If he wishes to send me his daughter he must do so without delay, and place her entirely at my disposal, for there is not a moment to lose; events are hastening on, and my destiny must be accomplished. If he changes his mind let me know it immediately, as I must then make other arrangements. Tell Lucien that I was touched by his grief and his attachment to me, and regret the more that he will not be reasonable, and contribute to my repose and his own."‡ This curious letter must have appeared very mysterious to Joseph, who was in total ignorance of his brother's designs, notwithstanding some hints that a great scheme was on foot. At this time, however, the invasion of the Peninsula had already commenced—the Prince Regent of Portugal had embarked for the Brazils, and the French troops under Junot were advancing on Lisbon. At Tilsit, Napoleon had confided to the Emperor Alexander his designs against Spain, and by one of the secret articles of that treaty it had been agreed that the Sovereigns of the Houses of Bourbon and Braganza should be replaced by Princes of the family of Napoleon. The Prince of the Asturias (Ferdinand VII.) had already appealed to Napoleon for protection against his own father, Charles IV., and had asked in marriage a French Princess at the choice of the Emperor. If Lucien could have been induced to come into his brother's views, he

* Princess Bacciocchi, Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

* Dec. 11.

† Dec. 17.

would have been the destined occupant of one of the Peninsular thrones, and his daughter Charlotte was wanted as the bride of Ferdinand, should it suit the Emperor's views to give him a wife. Lucien finally consented to give up his daughter, but nothing would induce him to make any concession as to his wife (as Joseph said) "for his own and his family's good, and to meet the paternal view of Your Majesty."*

The year 1808, while it exalted the dignity, put an end forever to the ease and peace of mind of the unhappy Joseph. In the earlier months he was occupied with various arrangements for securing the occupation of Corfu, an object of great importance to Napoleon, who tells him that "Corfu is of much greater consequence than Sicily," and that "in the present condition of Europe the greatest misfortune that could happen to him would be the loss of Corfu." He always considered the ultimate re-annexion of Sicily to Naples as certain, whenever peace was concluded; and, with his characteristic disregard of truth, he repeatedly affirms that England had in the last negotiations made no difficulty on that point, and consented to its cession to Joseph. In the beginning of April, the Emperor began to write to Joseph at length about the affairs of Spain; and after giving him an account of what is passing, and of the disposition of his troops in that country, he says that the expenses of his army in Spain, and that of the preparations he is making are, and will be, enormous, but that circumstances require that all Europe should be inundated by his troops. 'England is beginning to suffer: nothing but peace with that country can make me sheathe my sword and restore tranquillity to Europe. It is not impossible that in the course of five or six days I may write to desire you to repair to Bayonne.'† This was the first intimation of his intentions. Three weeks later he informs him of the abdications of Charles and Ferdinand, and proceeds:—"The nation, through the Supreme Council of Castille, desires me to bestow upon them a King. I destine this Crown for you: Spain is very different from Naples; it contains eleven millions of inhabitants, and has one hundred and fifty millions of revenue, without counting the Indies; it is, besides, a Crown which places you at three days' distance from France. At Madrid you are in France. . . . As soon as you receive this, appoint whom you please Regent, and come to Bayonne. Keep it all secret, and say you are going to the North of Italy to confer with me.‡ On the 23rd of May, Joseph quitted Naples and proceeded in all haste to Bayonne. At La Grotta he

met his old friend and tutor the Abbé Simon, Bishop of Grenoble, formerly Mathematical Professor at the College of Autun, who came to compliment him on his approaching elevation to the throne of Spain. His reply to the Prelate evinced anything but elation of spirits or satisfaction, and was creditable to his good feeling and his sagacity. He said: 'I wish your congratulations may be of happy augury to your old pupil — may the misfortunes I anticipate be averted by your prayers. I am not blinded by ambition, nor dazzled by the splendor of the Spanish Crown. I leave a country where I think I have done some good, and where I flatter myself I was popular, and shall leave behind me some regrets. Can I expect as much in my new kingdom? . . . Monsieur l' Evêque, I see before me a black horizon, and clouds which threaten a very alarming future. Will my brother's star always shine as brightly in the heavens as it does now? I know not, but in spite of myself I am terrified and overwhelmed by the most doleful fears and presentiments. I am afraid that in placing on my head a more brilliant crown than that which I resign, the Emperor has imposed on me a burthen beyond my strength. Pity me, therefore, my dear Master, pity instead of congratulating me.' The prophetic soul of Joseph only too truly prefigured to itself the sea of troubles in which he was about to be plunged, and the 'ominous clouds' that threatened to cast their shadows over his brother's still resplendent star.

The campaign of Friedland and the Peace of Tilsit had carried Napoleon to the culminating point of his grandeur, and to the extreme elevation of power and influence which he was destined to attain; other victories, indeed, were still in store for him, and an Imperial alliance, connecting him with the ancient Royalities, was to confer fresh dignity upon his person; but though he stood for a brief space at that vast altitude from which he looked down upon the prostrate Continent of Europe, his unquiet mind was still unsatisfied; for —

Conquests unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.

New schemes of ambition and aggrandizement urged him on. The dynastic system his imagination had conceived remained to be further developed, and above all, England still stood erect and unsubdued. It is not difficult to trace, more perhaps, in this correspondence than in any other historical materials, the effects produced on his mind by such a long and unbroken career of success and triumph as might well make him believe, as all the world had come to believe, that he was invincible and invincible. His pride and arrogance

* Dec. 31.

† May 11.

‡ April 18.

had grown with his successes, and in the same proportion all human sympathies and affections, and therefore all moral scruples and restraints, had waxed faint within him. He was not animated by the grand but definite designs of a statesman, but rather inflamed by the passions of a gamester, Nations and Empires being the prizes for which he played; while he over and over again staked the glory he had acquired, the conquests he had achieved, and life itself, on the hazard of the die. At this period it might well have been said of him, what was said a few years later by a great orator and statesman, whose prediction, true as it turned out, was half accomplished at the time it was delivered:—"As he was probably the only man in the world who could have raised his power to such a height, so he was probably the only man who could bring it into such imminent danger. His eagerness for power was so inordinate, his jealousy of independence was so fierce, his keenness of appetite so fervent in all that touched his ambition, even in the most trifling things that he must plunge into desperate difficulties. He was of an order of minds that by nature make great reverses for themselves."* When Lord Wellesley made this

speech, the French army had been destroyed in Russia; Prussia had turned, and Austria was preparing to turn, against Napoleon; but Joseph, more deeply interested, saw the shadow of coming events before a single threatening cloud had begun to appear, and when his brother's power seemed in the eves of the world at large to be invulnerable as well as irresistible. We take leave for the present of Joseph at his entrance on that larger stage where he was destined to play, not only a less dignified, but a disastrous part; the reputation he left behind him at Naples did not correspond with his really good intentions and feelings towards the people of that country; his character was neither fully appreciated nor justly treated. The historians of his short reign have stigmatized him as being dissolute, indolent, and incapable; but whilst he undoubtedly represented his own conduct in the most favorable light he could, this correspondence proves that he was not wanting in either industry or ability, and might justly claim the merit of humanity, and a sincere desire to improve the social condition of his people, while for most of the acts or the failings which made him obnoxious to censure or unpopularity, he might have pleaded

* Lord Wellesley's Speech in the House of Lords, March 12, 1813.

'Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt Moliri.'

From the New York Evening Post.

Mrs. STOWE, in her "Sunny Memories," quotes the subjoined ballad with the remark that its author is not known. This is a mistake. It was written by John Lowe, an English student of divinity, who lived between the years 1750 and 1798. He was the son of the gardener at Kenmore in Galloway. The ballad, "Mary's Dream," was written on the death of a surgeon at sea, named Miller, who was attached to a Miss M'Ghie Airds. The poet was tutor in the family of the lady's father, and was betrothed to her sister. He emigrated to America, where he married another female, became dissipated, and died in great misery near Fredericksburgh, Va. This ballad is the only one of Lowe's productions that has survived:

MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and low a voice was heard,
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,

And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow ee.
Oh Mary, dear, cold is my clay:
It lies beneath a stormy sea.
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we tried our bark to save,
But all our efforts were in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee;
The storm is past and I at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see,
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

[We had once a copy of Lowe's Poems, in one or two hot pressed duodecimos, printed we think at Richmond, Va.—LIV. AGE.]

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A RUSSIAN REMINISCENCE.

UPON one of the coldest days of February, 1853, I left Paris by the Orleans Railway. The weather was extremely severe, the frozen snow lay thick in the streets, the asphalt of the boulevards was slippery as glass, sledges scoured the Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne. An icy wind whistled round the train as we quitted the shelter of the station, and I regretted, as I buttoned myself to the chin, and shrank into the corner, that the carriage was not full, instead of having but one occupant besides myself.

Opposite to me sat a hale man of about sixty-five, with a quick bright eye, an intelligent, good-humored countenance—somewhat weather-beaten—and the red rosette of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole. During the first half-hour he pored over a letter, whose contents, judging from the animated expression of his physiognomy, interested him strongly. He seemed scarcely aware of my presence. At last he put up the letter, and then for the first time looked me in the face. I had been but a few days out of a sick-bed, and was sensitive to the cold, and doubtless my appearance was chilly and woebegone enough, for I detected a slight approach to a smile at the corners of the stranger's mouth. To one or two commonplace remarks he replied courteously but laconically, like a man who is neither unsociable nor averse to conversation, but who prefers his own thoughts to that bald talk with which travellers sometimes weary each other rather than sit silent. So our dialogue soon dropped. The cold increased, my feet were benumbed, and I stamped them on the floor of the carriage to revive the circulation. My companion observed my proceedings with a comical look, as if he thought me a very tender traveller.

"This carriage must be badly closed," I remarked. "It is bitter cold to the feet."

"For that discomfort I have little pity," replied the Frenchman. "A ride on the railway is soon over, and a good fire or a brisk walk is a quick and easy remedy. Mine is a different case. For forty years I have never known warm feet."

"For forty years?" I repeated, thinking I had misunderstood him.

"Yes, sir, forty years; since the winter of 1812—the winter of the Russian campaign."

"You were in that terrible campaign?" I inquired, in a tone of interest and curiosity. My companion, previously taciturn, suddenly became communicative.

"All through it, sir," he replied; "from the Niemen to the Kremlin, and back again. It was my first campaign, and was near being my last. I was in others afterwards; in Germany in 1813, when the combined Germans and Russians drove us before them, for want of the brave fellows we had left in Muscovy's snows; in France in 1814, when the Emperor made his gallant struggle against overwhelming forces; and at the closing scene in Flanders: but not all those three campaigns put together, nor, as I believe, all that this century has witnessed, can match the horrors of that dreadful winter in Russia."

He paused, and, leaning back in his corner, seemed to revolve in his mind events of powerful interest long gone by. I waited a while, in hopes he would resume the subject. As he did not do so, I asked him to what arm he belonged when in Russia.

"I was assistant-surgeon in a regiment of hus-sars," he answered, "and in my medical capacity I had abundant opportunity to make acquaintance with the horrors of war. On the 7th of September, for instance, at the Moskwa—Heavens! what a shambles that was! Ah, it was fine to see such valor on both sides—for the Russians fought well—gallantly, sir, or where would have been the glory of beating them? But Ney! Ney! Oh! he was splendid that day! His whole countenance gleamed, as he again and again led the bloody charge, exposing himself as freely as any corporal in the ranks. And Eugene, the Viceroy, with what vigor he hurled his masses against that terrible redoubt! When at last it was his, what was there? The ground was not strewn with the dead; it was heaped, piled with them. They had been shot down by whole ranks, and there they lay, prostrate, in line as they had stood."

The surgeon paused. I thought of Byron's beautiful lines, beginning, "Even as they fell, in files they lay;" but I said nothing, for I saw that my companion was now fairly started, and needed no spurring.

"*Monsieur*," he presently resumed, "all those things have been brought strongly to my mind by the letter you saw me just now reading. It is from an old friend, a captain in 1812, a general now, who went through the campaign, and whom I was so fortunate as to save from a grave in those infernal plains where most of our poor comrades perished. I will tell you how it happened. We were talking of the battle of Borodino. Seventy thousand men, it is said, were killed and wounded in that murderous fight. We surgeons, as you may well think, had our hands full, and still could not suffice for a tithe of the sufferers. It was a rough breaking-in for a young hand, as I then was. Such frightful wounds as were there, of every kind and description—from shot, shell, and bullet, pike and sabre. Well, sir, all the misery and suffering I then saw, all that vast amount of human agony and bloodshed, whose steam, ascending to Heaven, might well have brought down God's malediction on His creatures, who could thus destroy and deface each other, was nothing compared with the horrible misery we witnessed on our retreat. I have read everything that has appeared in France concerning that campaign.—Ségur, Labaume, and other writers. Their narratives are shocking enough, but nothing to the reality. They would have sickened their readers had they told all they saw. If anybody, who went through the campaign, could remember and set down all he witnessed, he would make the most heart-rending book that ever yet was printed, and would be accused of gross exaggeration. Exaggeration, indeed! there was no need to heighten the horrors of the winter of 1812. All that frost and famine, lead and steel, could inflict, was then endured;

all the crimes that reckless despair and ruthless cruelty could prompt were then perpetrated."

"And how," I asked, "did you escape, when so many, doubtless as strong and courageous, and more inured to hardship, miserably perished?"

"Under Providence, I owed my preservation to the trustiest and most faithful servant ever master had. Paul had been several years in the hussars — was an old soldier, in fact, although still a young man; and at a time when all discipline and subordination were at an end, when soldiers heeded not their officers, officers avoided their generals, and servants and masters were all alike and upon a level, Paul proved true as steel. As if cold and the Cossacks were not enough, hunger was added to our sufferings: there was no longer a commissariat or distribution of rations; — rations forsooth! dead horse was a luxury I have seen men fight for till death, lean meat though it was, for the poor brutes were as starved as their riders. What little there was to eat in the villages we passed through, fell to the share of the first comers. Empty larders — often smoking ruins — were all that remained for those that came behind. Well, sir, when things were at the worst, and provender at the scarcest, Paul always had something for me in his haversack. One day it would be a bit of bread, on the morrow a handful of grain or some edible roots, now and then a slice of horse-beef — and how delicious that seemed, grilled over our scanty, smoky fires! There was never enough to satisfy my hunger, but there was always a *something* — enough to keep body and soul together. Paul, as I afterwards discovered, husbanded his stores, for he well knew that if he gave me all at once I should leave nothing, and then I must have fasted for days, and perhaps have fallen from my horse for weakness. But think of the courage and affection of the poor fellow, himself half-starved, to carry food about him day after day, and refrain from devouring the share secretly set aside for me! There were not many men in the army, even of general's rank, capable of such devotion to the dearest friend they had, for extreme misery had induced a ferocious selfishness, which made us more like hyenas than Christians."

"I should think the cold must have been even worse to endure than hunger," said I, screwing up my chilly extremities, which the interest of the doctor's conversation had almost made me forget.

"It was, sir, harder and more fatal — at least a greater number died of it; although, to say the truth, frost and famine there worked hand in hand, and with such unity of action, that it was often hard to say which was the cause of death. But it was a shocking sight, of a morning, to see the poor fellows lying dead round the bivouac fires. Unable to resist fatigue and the drowsy influence of the cold, they yielded to slumber, and passed from sleep into death. For there, sleep was death."

"But how then," I asked, "did any ever escape from Russia, for all must have slept at times?"

"I do not believe that any who escaped did

sleep, at least not of a night, at the bivouac. We used to rouse each other continually, to prevent our giving way, and then get up and walk as briskly as we could, to quicken the sluggish circulation. We slept upon the march, in our saddles, and, strange as it may seem to you, even those on foot slept when marching. They marched in groups or clusters, and those in the centre slept, propped and supported by their companions, and moving their legs mechanically. I do not say that it was a sound, deep sleep, but rather a sort of feverish dozing. Such as it was, however, it was better than nothing, and assuredly saved some who would otherwise have sunk. Others, who would have given way to weariness upon the long monotonous march, were kept from utter despair and self-abandonment only by the repeated harassing attacks of the Cossacks. The excitement of the skirmish warmed their blood, and gave them, as it seemed, fresh hold upon life. In one of those skirmishes, or rather in a sharp combat, a dear friend of mine, a captain in the same regiment, had his left arm carried off by a cannon-shot. After the affair was over, I came suddenly upon him, where he lay moaning by the roadside, his face ashy pale, his arm still hanging by the sinews. His horse had either galloped away, or been taken by the fugitives.

"Ah, mon ami!" he cried, when he saw me, 'all is over — I can go no further. I shall never see France again!'

"I saw that, like the majority of those who received severe wounds in that retreat, his moral courage was subdued, and had given way to despair. I was terribly shocked, for I felt how slight was his chance of escape. I need hardly tell you there was very little dressing of wounds during that latter part of the retreat; most of the surgeons were dead, the hospital-wagons with medicine and instruments had been left on the road; transport for the sick was out of the question. I assumed as cheerful a countenance as I could.

"Why, *Préville*," I cried, 'this will not do; we must get you along somehow. Come! courage, my friend! You shall see France again in spite of all!'

"Ah! doctor," replied he, in piteous tones, 'it is no use. Here I shall die. All you can do for me is to blow my brains out, and save me from the Cossack lances.'

"By this time I had dismounted and was at his side. The intense cold had stopped the bleeding of his wound. I saw that there was no lack of vitality in him, and that, but for this mishap, few would have got out of the campaign in better plight. Even now, his despondency was perhaps his greatest danger. I reminded him of his wife and child (he had been married little more than a year, and news of the birth of a daughter had reached him on our forward march), of his happy home, his old mother — of all the ties, in short, that bound him to life. Whilst speaking, I severed the sinews that still retained his shattered arm, and bound it up as best I might. He still despaired and moaned, but suffered me to do as I would. He was like an infant in my hands — that man who, in the hour of battle, was a very lion for courage. But

long suffering and the sudden shock—occurring, too, when we seemed on the verge of safety—had overcome his fortitude. With Paul's help I got him upon my horse. The poor brute was in no case to carry double, so I walked and led it, although at that time I could hardly hobble.

"It is all useless, my dear doctor," Prévillé said; 'this is my last day; I feel that. Far better shoot me, or leave me by the roadside, than risk your life for my sake.'

"I took no heed, but tried to cheer him. Those unclean beasts, the Cossacks, were hovering around us as usual, and at times the bullets fell pretty thick. Not a quarter of an hour had elapsed since I set Prévillé on my horse, when a shot struck his right eye—not entering the head, but glancing across the globe, and completely destroying the sight. Well, sir, then there occurred a physiological phenomenon which I have never been able satisfactorily to account for. This man, whom the loss of an arm had reduced to despair, seemed to derive fresh courage from the loss of an eye. At any rate, from that moment he complained no more of his fate, resumed his usual manly tone, and bore up like a hero. Paul was lucky enough to catch a riderless horse, which I mounted. The worst was over, and we soon got a respite. Without troubling you with details, and incredible though it may seem to you, my poor friend escaped with life, although with a limb and an eye the less."

"There must have been many extraordinary escapes from that campaign," I remarked.

"Innumerable. There was a sergeant of dragoons, a former comrade of my servant's, who, for many days, marched beside me and Paul. He received a severe wound. There were some vehicles still with us at the time, and we got him a place in one of them, and made him as comfortable as we could. The following night we stopped at a town. In the morning, as we were about to march, the Cossacks came down. There was great confusion; several baggage-carts were captured in the street, and some of the wounded were abandoned in the houses where they had passed the night. Amongst these was Sergeant Fritz. Not many houses in the town were still in good condition—most of them had been burned and knocked to pieces by the soldiers. The house in which Fritz lay had still its doors and windows, and was one of the most comfortable in the place, on which account it had been converted into a temporary hospital. Well, the Russians came in, brought their wounded, and turned out our poor fellows to make room for them. Some, who could not move quickly enough, were brutally pitched through a low window into a garden behind the house, there to perish miserably. Fritz was one of these. Only just able to crawl, he made his way round the garden, seeking egress. He reached a gate communicating with another garden. It was locked, and pain and weakness forbade his climbing over. He sat close to the gate, propped against it, and looking wistfully through the bars at the windows of a house, and at the cheerful glow of a fire, when he was perceived by a young girl. She came out and open-

ed the gate, and helped him into the house. Her father was a German clockmaker, long settled in Russia, and Fritz, a Swiss, spoke German well. The kind people put him to bed, hid his uniform, and tended him like a son. When in the following spring, his health was restored, and he would have left them, the German proposed to him to remain and assist him in his trade. He accepted the offer, married the German's daughter, and remained in Russia until his father-in-law's death, when he was taken with a longing to revisit his native mountains, and returned to Switzerland with his wife and family. I met him since at Paris, and he told me his story. But although his escape was narrow, and romantic enough, there must have been others much more remarkable. Most of the prisoners made by the Russians, and who survived severe cold and harsh treatment, were sent to Moscow, to labor at rebuilding the city. When the fine season came, some of them managed to escape, and to make their way, in various disguises, and through countless adventures, back to their country."

I have set down but the most striking portions of our conversation—or rather, of the doctor's narrative, since I did little but listen; and occasionally, by a question or remark, direct his communicativeness into the channel I wished it to take. We were now near Orleans.

"The letter I was reading when we started," said my companion, "and which has brought back to my memory all that I have told you—at risk, perhaps, of wearying you," he added with a slight bow and smile, "and a host of other circumstances, to me of thrilling and everlasting interest, is from General Prévillé, who lives in the south of France, but has come unexpectedly to Orleans to pass a month with me. That is his way. He lives happily with a married daughter; but now and then the desire to see an old comrade, and to fight old battles over again, comes so strongly upon him, that he has his valise packed at an hour's notice, and takes me by surprise. He knows well that 'The General's Room' and an affectionate reception always await him. I received his letter—full of references to old times—yesterday evening, and am now hurrying back to Orleans to see him. He may very likely be waiting for me at the station; and you will see that, for a man who gave himself up for dead forty years ago in the snows of Russia, and begged, as a favor, a bullet through his brain, he looks tolerably hearty and satisfied to live."

"There is one thing, *Monsieur le Docteur*," I said, "which you have not yet explained to me, and which I do not understand. Did you mean literally what you said, that since the Russian campaign you have never had your feet warm?"

"Literally and truly, sir. When we got to Orcha, where Jomini was in command, and where the heroic Ney, who had been separated from the army, rejoined us with the skeleton of his corps—having cut his way, by sheer valor and soldiership, through clouds of Platoff's Cossacks—we took a day's rest. It was the 20th of November, the last day of anything approaching to comfort which we were to enjoy before cross-

ing the Russian frontier. True, we made one more halt, at Molodetschino, whence Napoleon dated his bulletin of our terrible disasters, but then only a portion of us could find lodging; we were sick, half-frozen, and numbers died in the streets. At Orcha we found shelter and tranquillity; the governor had provided provisions against our passage, the enemy left us quiet, and we enjoyed a day of complete repose. My baggage had long since been lost, and my only pair of boots were torn to shreds. I had been riding with fragments of a soldier's jacket tied round my feet, which I usually kept out of the stirrups, the contact of the iron increasing the cold. At Orcha, the invaluable Paul brought me a Jew (the Jews were our chief purveyors on that retreat) with boots for sale. I selected a pair and threw away my old ones, which for many days I had not taken off. My feet were already in a bad state, sore and livid. I bathed them, put on fresh stockings and my new boots, and contrived with a pair of old trousers, a sort of leggings or overalls, closed at the bottom, and to be worn over the boots. From that day till we got beyond the Niemen, a distance of one hundred and ten leagues, which we took three weeks to perform, I never took off any part of my dress. During that time I suffered greatly from my feet; they swelled till my boots were too tight for me, and at times I was in agony. When we at last were comparatively in safety, and I found myself, for the first time since I left Orcha in a warm room, with a bed to lie upon and water to wash, I called Paul to pull off my boots. Sir, with them came off my stockings, and the entire skin of both feet. A flayer's knife could hardly have done the thing more completely. For a moment I gave myself up as lost. I had seen enough of this kind of thing to know that my feet were on the verge of mortification. There was scarcely time to amputate, had any been at hand to do it, and had I been willing to preserve life at such a price. Only one thing could save me, and I resolved to try it. I ordered Paul to bring a bottle of brandy; I put a piece of silver between my teeth, and bade him pour the spirits over my feet. I can give you no idea of the excruciating torture I then endured. Whilst it lasted, assuredly no martyr's sufferings ever exceeded mine. It was agony—but it was safety. I bit the florin nearly in two, and broke this tooth." (Here the doctor drew up his lip and exhibited a defective tooth, in company with some very white and powerful grinders.) "The martyrdom saved me; I recovered, but the new integuments, which in time covered my scarred feet, seem chilled by the recollection of my predecessor's sufferings, and from that day to this I have never had my feet otherwise than cold. But here we are at Orleans, sir, and yonder as I expected stands my old Préville."

The train stopped as he concluded, and a fine-looking veteran, with white hair, an empty sleeve, and a silken patch over one eye, peered inquisitively into the carriages. Like most Englishmen, I have a particular aversion to the Continental fashion of men kissing and hugging each other, but I confess I beheld with in-

terest and sympathy the cordial embrace of these two old comrades, who then quickly separated, and, with hands grasped, looked joyously and affectionately into each other's faces, whilst a thousand recollections of old kindness and long comradeship were evidently swelling at their hearts. In his joy, my travelling companion did not forget the attentive listener, whose journey he had so agreeably shortened. Turning to me, he presented me to the general, as an Englishman and a new acquaintance, and then cordially invited me to pass the rest of the day at his house. But the business that took me to Orleans was urgent, and my return to Paris must be speedy. And had it been otherwise, I think I still should have scrupled to restrain, by a stranger's presence, the first flow of intimate communion to which the two friends evidently looked forward with such warm and pleasurable feelings. So I gratefully declined, but pledged myself to take advantage of the doctor's hospitality upon my next visit to Orleans. When that occurs, I shall hope to glean another Russian Reminiscence.

From Household Words.

SICK BODY, SICK BRAIN.

OCCASIONAL illustrations of the superstition of the middle ages led us to remark, some time ago, on the great prevalence of insanity, caused in the good old times by the mixture of horrible thoughts and lumps of diseased fancy with the ideas common among the people. Of the wretched position of unhappy lunatics, persecuted, maimed, tortured, and burnt by neighbors and magistrates, who accepted as facts all their delusions, and convicted them by the testimony of their own wild words, some illustrations have been given. The region of superstition that remains yet to be sketched is very rich in produce of this kind. I do not mean to pass into that region now, because it was not by superstition only, or only by that and the oppressive forms of a debased church system, that the minds of men were broken down, powerful agencies as they both were. These moral pestilences acted upon brains that had been first weakened by the physical plagues to which bodies were subject.

We are not free from such afflictions yet. We are at this hour shrinking from the breath of cholera. It comes home to the poor. It comes home to the minister of state. He may sacrifice sanitary legislation to the first comer who attempts to sneer it down, and journey home to find the grateful plague sitting in his own hall ready with the only thanks that it can offer. At this we sincerely grieve, and perhaps tremble; but we know nothing of the terror of a plague as it was terrible in the old times of famine among the poor, wrong living and bad housing among the rich, of townships altogether drainless, of filth, ignorance, and horrible neglect. The ravages made formerly in Europe by the small-pox or measles, the dreadful spread of leprosy, the devastation on the path of the black death and the sweating sickness, have no parallel in

our day. Extreme as are the sufferings of our poor in the hungry winter season, we understand but faintly the intensity and extent of the distress which the old poet had often seen who wrote—

Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace:
Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?
Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
And here we lie, God knows with little ease.

From winter, plague and pestilence, good Lord deliver us.

I particularly wish to show how in the good old times men's bodies were wasted, and how there was produced out of such wasting a weakening and wasting of their minds. The treatises of a learned German, Doctor Hecker, on the Epidemics of the Middle Ages (which have been translated for our Sydenham Society by Doctor Babington) will prove an ample fund on which to draw for information. We cannot study rightly sickness of the mind without bringing sickness of the body into question. It is necessary to begin with that.

There was one disease called the black death, the black plague, or the great mortality. The most dreadful visitation of it was one that began in China, spread over Asia, and in the year thirteen hundred and forty-eight entered Europe. Europe was then, however, not unused to plagues. Six others had made themselves famous during the preceding eight-and-forty years. The black plague spread from the south of Europe to the north, occupying about three years in its passage. In two years it had reached Sweden; in three years it had conquered Russia. The fatal influence came among men ripe to receive it. Europe was full of petty war; citizens were immured in cities, in unwholesome houses overlooking filthy streets, as in beleaguered fortresses; for robbers, if not armies, occupied the roads beyond their gates; husbandmen were starving feudal slaves; religion was mainly superstition; ignorance was dense, and morals were debased; little control was set upon the passions. To such men came the pestilence, which was said to have slain thirteen millions of Chinese, to have depopulated India, to have destroyed in Cairo fifteen thousand lives a day. Those were exaggerated statements, but they were credited and terrified the people. Certainly vessels with dead crews drifted about in the Mediterranean, and brought corruption and infection to the shores on which they stranded.

In what spirit did the people, superstitious as they were in those old times, meet the calamity? Many committed suicide in phrenzy; merchants and rich men, seeking to divert the wrath of Heaven from themselves, carried their treasure to the churches and the monasteries; where, if the monks, fearing to receive infection with it, shut their gates against any such offering, it was desperately thrown to them over their walls. Even sound men, corroded by anxiety, wandered about, livid as the dead. Houses quitted by their inhabitants tumbled to ruin. By plague and by the flight of terrified inhabitants many thousand villages were left absolutely empty, silent as the woods and fields. The Pope, in

Avignon, was forced, because all the churchyards were full, to consecrate as a burial-place the river Rhone, and assure to the faithful an interment, if not in holy ground, at least in holy water. How the dead were carted out of towns for burial in pits, and how the terror of the people coined the fancy that through indecent haste many were hurried out and thrown into those pits while living, every one knows: it was the incident of plague at all times. Italy was reported to have lost half its inhabitants. The Venetians fled to the islands and forsook their city, losing three men in four; and in Padua, when the plague ceased, two-thirds of the inhabitants were missing. This is the black death, which began towards the close of the year thirteen hundred and forty-eight to ravage England; and of which Antony Wood says extravagantly that, at the close of it, scarcely a tenth part of the people of this country remained living.

Churches were shunned as places of infection, but enriched with mad donations and bequests; what little instruction had before been imparted ceased; covetousness increased, and when health returned, men were amazed to observe how largely the proportion of lawyers to the rest of the community had been augmented. So many sudden deaths had begotten endless disputes about inheritance. Brothers deserted brothers; even parents fled from their children, leaving them to die untended. The sick were nursed, when they were nursed at all, by greedy hirelings at enormous charge. The wealthy lady, noble of birth, trained in the best refinement of her time, as pure and modest perhaps as she was beautiful, could sometimes hire no better nurse than a street ruffian to minister to her in her mortal sickness. It appears most probable that this pestilence, which historians often dismiss in a paragraph, destroyed a fourth part of the inhabitants of Europe. The curious fact follows, which accords with one of the most mysterious of all the certain laws of nature, that the numbers of the people were in some degree replenished by a very marked increase in the fruitfulness of marriage. We know how the poor, lodged in places dangerous to life, surround themselves with little families, and how births multiply as deaths increase among them. To this natural law the attention of men was strongly forced, even at the time of the black plague.

But lesser local pestilences arose incessantly, and the bodies of multitudes who were not slain were weakened by the influences that destroyed so many, while, at the same time, few minds escaped the influence of superstitious dread, arising out of such calamities. The best physicians ascribed the black plague to the grand conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter and Mars in the sign of Aquarius, which took place about Lady-day, in the year thirteen hundred and forty-five. Such conjunctions always foreboded horrors to men, and every plague was in this way connected with the stars. Many a deed that proved the dignity and beauty of man's nature was done quietly during those days of trial; bands of Sisters of Charity at Paris perished in the work of mercy to the sick, and were supplied with failing troops of new recruits; but bigotry and folly

had the loudest voices, and took possession of the public ear.

Then arose in Hungary, and afterwards in Germany, the Brotherhood of the Flagellants—men and even women and children of all ranks entering the order, marched about towns in procession, each flagellant with a red cross on the breast, back, and cap, and carrying a triple scourge, and all recommended to attention by the pomp of tapers and superb banners of velvet and cloth of gold. They multiplied so fast, and claimed rights so independent—for they even absolved each other—that they came to be regarded by the church as dangerous. They were put down at last by persecution, the enthusiasm of the populace in their behalf being converted into a relentless rage against them.

The rage of the populace was felt most severely by the Jews. Pestilence was ascribed usually in those days to poisoned wells, and the wells, it was said commonly, were poisoned by the Jews. So it was at the time of the black plague. The persecution of the Jews began in those days at Chillon, and spread from Switzerland through Europe. Tortured and maddened, many poor Jews confessed all that men would have confessed by them, and told horrible tales of powdered basilisk, and of the bags of poison sent among the faithful of Israel from the great Rabbi at Toledo. All the Jews in Basle were shut up in a wooden building, and therein smothered and burnt alive. The same fate happened to the Jews at Freyburg. In acquiescence with the popular idea, wells had been bricked over and buckets removed. If, therefore, in any town, a man rose to plead for the unhappy children of Israel, the populace asked why it was, if they were not guilty, that the authorities had covered up the wells. But there was not wanting other evidence: poison-bags, which Christians had thrown there, were found in springs. At Spire, the Jews withdrew into their houses, and, setting fire to them, burnt themselves and all they had with their own hands. At Strasburg, two thousand Jews were burnt alive in their own burial ground—those who, in frantic terror, broke their bonds and fled, being pursued and murdered in the street. Only in Lithuania this afflicted people found a place of safety. There they were protected by King Casimir the Great, who loved a Jewish Esther, and the Lithuanian Jews still form a large body of men who have lived in much seclusion, and retained many of the manners of the middle ages.

It was among people weakened physically and mentally by desperate afflictions and emotions that there arose certain dancing manias, which formed a fresh disease, affecting both the body and the mind. The same generation that had seen the terrors of the black death, saw, some twenty years afterwards, men and women dancing in a ring; shrieking and calling wildly on St. John the Baptist; and at last, as if seized with an epileptic fit, tumbling on the ground, where they desired to be trodden upon and kicked, and were most cheerfully and freely trodden upon and kicked by the bystanders. Their wild ways infected others with diseased bodies and minds, and the disease called St. John's dance, which

was supposed to be a form of demoniacal possession, spread over the Netherlands. The St. John's dancers were exorcised, and made wonderful confessions. If they had not put themselves under the patronage of St. John (to whose festival pagan rites and dances had been transferred by the Germans) they would have been racked and burnt. Their number increased so fast that men were afraid of them; they communicated to each other morbid fancies; such as a furious hatred of the red color, with the bull's desire to tear every red cloth to rags, and a detestation of pointed shoes, against which, and other matters of fashion, the priests had declaimed often from their pulpits. The St. John's dancers became so numerous and so violent, that, in Liège, the authorities were intimidated; and, in deference to the prejudices of the dancers, an ordinance was issued to the effect that no one should wear any but square-toed shoes. This madness appeared at Metz and Cologne, and extended through the cities of the Rhine.

A similar lunacy broke out some time afterwards at Strasburg, where the dancers were cared for by the town council, and conducted to the chapel of St. Vitus, a youthful saint, martyred in the time of Diocletian. For this saint, because little was known of him, a legend could be made suited to the emergency, in evidence that he, and he alone, was able to cure the dancing plague. The plague, however, spread; and as the physicians regarded it as a purely spiritual question, it was left to the care of the Church; and even a century later, on St. Vitus's day, women went to the chapel of St. Vitus to dance off the fever that had accumulated in them during the past twelvemonth. But at that time the lunacy was near its end, for I need not say that it had little in common with the disease known as St. Vitus's dance by the physicians of the present day. In its first years it attacked violently people of all ranks, especially those leading sedentary lives, and impelled them to dance even to death sometimes, to dash their brains out against walls, or to plunge into rivers.

Every one has heard of a madness of this kind, that arose in Apulia, among people who had been, or fancied that they had been bitten by a ground spider, called the tarantula. Those who were bitten were said to have become melancholy, very open to the influence of music, given to wild, joyous fits of dancing, or to miserable fits of weeping, morbid longings, and fatal paroxysms either of laughter or of sobs. At the close of the fifteenth century, the fear of this malady had spread beyond Apulia. The poison of the tarantula, it was believed, could only be worked off by those in whom it begot a violent energy of dancing—it passed out then with the perspiration; but if any lingered in the blood, the disorder became chronic or intermittent; and the afflicted person would be liable to suffering and melancholy, which, whenever it reached a certain height, would be relieved by dancing. The tarantati, or persons bitten by the tarantula, had various whims, and they also had violent preferences for and antipathies to colors. Most of them were wild in love of red, many were excited by green objects, and so forth. They could only

dance to music, and to the music of certain tunes which were called tarantellas, and one man's tarantella would not always suit another. Some needed a quick tune, others a melancholy measure, others a suggestion of green fields in the music as well as in the words that always went with it. Nearly all tarantati required some reference to water, were mad in longing for the sea, and would be ecstatic at the sight of water in a pan. Some even would dance with a cup of water in their hands, or plunge their heads after dancing in a tub of water set for them, and trimmed with rushes. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the cure of the tarantati was attempted on a grand scale. Bands of musicians went among the villages, playing tarantellas; and the women were so especially interested in this way of bringing relief to the afflicted, that the period of tarantella-playing was called "the women's little carnival." The good creatures saved up their spare money to pay for the dances, and deserted their household duties to assist at them. One rich lady, Mita Lupa, spent her whole fortune on these works of charity.

A direction was often given by this little carnival to the thoughts of hysterical women. They sickened as it approached, danced, and were for a season whole; but the tarantati included quite as many men as women. Even the sceptic could not shake off the influence of general credulity. Gianbatista Quinzato, Bishop of Foligno, suffered himself in bravado to be bitten by a tarantula; but to the shame of his episcopal gravity, he could obtain a cure only by dancing.

When bodies are ill-housed or ill-nourished, or by late sickness or other cause depressed, as most men's bodies were in the middle ages, minds are apt to receive morbid impressions. The examples just given show how rapidly across such tinder the fire of a lunatic fancy spreads. People

abounded who were even glad to persuade themselves that they were changed into wolves every night, that they were witches, or that they were possessed by demons.

About fifty years ago, a young woman of strong frame, visited a friend in one of the Berlin hospitals. On entering a ward she fell down in strong convulsions. Six female patients who saw her became at once convulsed in the same way; and, by degrees, eight others passed into the same condition for four months; during which time two of the nurses followed their example. They were all between sixteen and twenty-five years old.

In a Methodist chapel at Redruth a man cried out suddenly, "What shall I do to be saved?" and made contortions expressive of severe distress. Other members of the congregation very shortly afterwards uttered the same words, and seemed to suffer excruciating pain. The occurrence having excited curiosity, the new complaint spread through all the adjacent towns of Camborne, Penzance, Truro, Helstone, Falmouth, and the intervening villages. It was an epidemic confined to Methodist chapels, and people of the lowest class; it consisted always in the utterance of the same words, followed by convulsions. Within no very long time, four thousand people had become affected by the malady. A somewhat similar disorder has prevailed for a long time in the Shetland Islands.

Other madneses of this kind will occur to the minds of many readers. There is not necessarily deceit or hypocrisy in such outbreaks: they are contemporary illustrations each on a small scale, of a kind of mental disorder which was one of the most universal of the sorrows of the middle ages. Men were liable in masses to delusions so absurd, and so sincere, that it is impossible to exclude from a fair study of the social life of our forefathers a constant reference to such unsound conditions of their minds.

ONCE THE SLAVE NOW THE MASTER.

I weary of the pen,
And write not of my own accord;
It was my slave, and I was happy then:
'Tis now my lord.

I weary of the themes
Which the gross multitude pursue;
Who writes for bread must bid all higher
dreams
His last adieu.

Harness the antelope,
Burden his neck until it bleed—
Trample his fiery spirit, and then hope
His former speed.

Life grows a stagnant pool,
Green with the drugs of trade and toil;
Youth's pure ideals of the beautiful
Are lucre's spoil.

I weary of the pen,

And write not of mine own accord :—
It was my slave, and I was happy then—
Alas ! 'tis now my lord.

When we reflect on the munificent encouragement given to natural theology, it appears strange that none has ever been afforded to what we will venture to term historic theology. If the being and attributes of Deity are to be proved by the aspect of the world, might we not rationally expect to discover them in the government of the world? The great facts of history are sufficiently known to us for the purposes of such an inquiry; and the evidences of the being of God plainly deducible from them, conceived, not in a rhetorical spirit, but in an exact philosophical manner, approaching as nearly as possible to absolute demonstration, would be a noble contribution to our literature. What Butler has done for moral, and Paley for natural theology, remains still to be done for historic theology. The name would be immortal, which worthily succeeded in supplying the want.—*The Press.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE REJECTED PRODIGAL STUDENT.

WHEN I returned to my lodgings, it was nearly eleven o'clock in the evening, yet there I found my fellow-lodger, Johnson, and his father, seated by the fireside. Neither of them appeared to be in the most agreeable temper. The elder Johnson arose from his seat as I entered, and very solemnly shook hands with me. I guessed what business brought him to London.

"You are a friend of my son," said he, "therefore I shall admit you into our conference. James says he is cruelly treated by me, and I will tell you his grounds for saying so. Instead of finishing his studies in two years, and commencing the practice of his profession, he has been in London nearly six years—yes, six years; and in that time has lessened my income from four hundred a year, to less than three, while three brothers, and one sister, remain to be provided for. What do you think of that, Mr. Arden?"

"I would rather not give any opinion between father and son," I replied.

"You are right, sir; for you cannot mend the matter. James has written to me for thirty pounds, to pay for his diploma at the College of Surgeons to-morrow. Is that the right sum?"

"Two-and-twenty is the fee, but James will want the rest, of course, I replied."

"I make no objection to that, Mr. Arden; but how am I to trust him with the money? Six months ago he wanted money for the same purpose; and when I sent it, instead of presenting himself at the College for examination, he took a trip to France, I believe."

"That can be no affair of mine, sir," I observed, "and I would rather not listen to this communication. Since I have known your son, he has been unremittingly studious, destroying his health, by late hours, over his books; and his rest, by exerting his mind too much, without proper recreation."

"That is no credit to him now, sir. If he had attended to his studies when he had the opportunity, he would not have required such exertion now. Do you think he will pass his examination for the diploma to-morrow?"

"I cannot pretend to say. The examination is rather uncertain. I have known persons pass, who had much less knowledge than James."

"Do you think you will pass yourself, James?" asked the father.

"It depends entirely upon luck. If they ask me anything I know, I shall pass."

"Luck! I am ashamed to hear a son of mine talk in that way. I tell you, James, if you can show me your diploma on Saturday morning, this check shall be yours; if not, find your way into some situation, for I will keep you in idleness no longer."

The elder Johnson, as he spoke, pulled out his pocket-book, which contained a check for one hundred pounds, and several bank notes. He held the check in his hand, and read the amount to his son—"That, sir, shall be yours on Saturday, if you can show your diploma," he continued.

"But the thirty pounds I wrote for," said the

younger Johnson, "you have not given me that. I have no chance of winning the diploma without the money for it."

"I have trusted you once with money for the same purpose, and therefore cannot trust you again. It is a hard thing, Mr. Arden, to have a son you cannot trust; but I would rather trust the greatest stranger than him. You are his friend, I think, therefore I will entrust this money to you in the morning, not to be given to James until he is fairly within the doors of the College."

"Confound it, sir, you treat me like a baby!" exclaimed the son.

"I treat you like a man I cannot trust," replied the father. "Will you undertake this, Mr. Arden?"

"I will, if you desire it," I replied, "but the task is highly disagreeable."

"Thank you, Mr. Arden. And now, son of mine, I'll trouble you for a glass of brandy-and-water, for I shall sleep here to-night, if you can find me a bed."

This was an unexpected proposition, and the junior Johnson turned pale, compressed his eyebrows, and then smiled with the appearance of much delight, at his father's intention of sleeping there. "You can have half my bed, father," said he.

"No," said I, "your father can have your bed to himself, and you can have half mine."

"I'll not disturb Mr. Arden at all," said the father. "I am very tired, so you, James, can lie upon this sofa, and I will take your bed, if you please."

"That will do very well," said James, "much better than three men sleeping in one small room. Will you have hot or cold water with the brandy?"

"Hot, sir." And in half an hour after, the elder Johnson was fast asleep in his son's bed, while I was thinking of the discreditable conduct of the younger. However, I soon went to sleep, and dreamed of my mother's sweet little cottage, and the fairy-like girl, whose beauty and sweetness shortened each day of anxiety and melancholy for my fond-hearted parent. The dream was sweet, and contrasted sadly with the life I was leading in London, far from those who prayed for my welfare.

In an hour or so, I was disturbed by some insignificant noise; and, opening my eyes, was startled by a sudden flash in the otherwise dark room. I could not account for it, since the window-shutters were closed, and there was not a hole in the apartment through which a light could enter. After the flash, which was gone in a moment, the room was in perfect darkness, and I could hear nothing but the heavy breathing of the elder Johnson. We were the only tenants of that apartment, therefore I thought the sudden brightness must have been a delusion, owing to some compression upon the nerves of my eye. I turned round on my pillow and went to sleep again. Again I was disturbed, and plainly heard the door of the room closed. With a step as noiseless as a cat's, I turned out of bed, and followed a retreating footstep across the landing, and into our own sitting-room. The person whose steps

I had pursued, snapped a lucifer match, and lighted a candle which he had held in his hand. It was Johnson, and when he beheld me he turned pale, and fell upon the sofa, in his alarm, dropping a book from his hand, which I picked up, and, as I suspected, found it to be his father's pocket-book, with the bank notes and the check in it. He had been robbing his father!

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Johnson?" I asked.

"Give me the book again, Arden," said he: "I tell you I shall never pass the College. With that money I'll leave the country, and forsake all relations on the face of the earth. I'll go to some place where there is not a civilized being to be seen. The savage of the desert is not so savage as the heart of a civilized father; and nature has supplied food to everything that exists, without obliging a man to starve in the midst of plenty. A curse on the country and the profession! Give me back that pocket-book; its contents will carry me to some place where a man can live."

"Don't talk so loud, Johnson, lest you awake your father," I whispered, "and this attempt to rob him become known. I have saved you from the crime, for which you ought to be thankful. I see you are dressed; let me recommend you to pull off your clothes, and return to your pillow quietly; and if you believe in God, to pray for courage to withstand temptation, and for purer sentiments of morality. I shall restore this pocket-book to your father, without a word about your attempting to steal it. So good-night, again; and if you repeat the attempt, I shall not shield you from your father's displeasure and public disgrace. I am sorry to see a man like you so debased and corrupted. Master your own evil temper and disposition, and it is yet in your power to become a respectable and a useful member of society, and a blessing, instead of a curse, to your parents. Good-night!"

I retired without a word of reply from the wretched young man, whose pride was so humbled that he would have borne any reproof without justifying himself. He was young in crime, and therefore felt detection to be a punishment greater than he had ever expected. It is probable that if he had succeeded in carrying away his plunder, he would have been plunged into a career of infamy, terminating only in capital punishment, by the laws of this or some other land; but another fate was in store for him.

We met at breakfast in the morning; and a cloud hung over his brow, until it was dispelled by the unusual good-humor of his father, whose sleep had completely renovated his temper. "Jim," said he, "I have been making interest, and have almost made certain of an appointment in the army for you; nevertheless, if you are rejected to-night, I will never stir another step in your behalf. I have other sons, whose interest cannot be forgotten for the sake of the most discreditable of the family; but as you are the eldest, I have given you such time to retrieve your misconduct and extravagance, as will never be granted to them, should they fall into the same errors."

"I am obliged to you, father," said the son; "and I hope my brothers will never give you the

trouble that I have: but in this place it requires immense command over one's-self to resist the temptations spread abroad for young men. For my sake, father, never send them to London without proper advisers to check them when they are inclined to run into the labyrinth of vice and folly. 'Tis easy to get into it, but an endless labor to escape. Remember, father, that when I came to London, I knew not a single person of its immense population. I could only associate with them whose pursuits were like my own; and as they were older than I, I suffered myself to be guided by those thoughtless and dissipated companions, until I became a stranger to respectable society. Most of them had friends in town, with whom they were obliged to keep up some show of decency; but I had none, and therefore had no curb to my own impetuous inclinations. You at first supplied me too liberally with money, which enabled me to mix with the most extravagant and most vicious of my fellow-students; whereas if I had been compelled to economize my money, I should have also economized my time, and have mixed only in the society of the poorer and more industrious classes of students. Forgive me for presuming to lecture you; but truth is truth, and what I have explained to you may be useful to my brothers."

"I like to hear you talk like a man of sense, Jim, and am convinced that I fell into an error by allowing you to spend money so freely when I first sent you to town; but it was mistaken kindness, and I never expected you to have wasted year after year as you have done. I am half inclined to repent of my promise to give you the hundred pounds if you show me your diploma to-morrow; but since I have made it, it shall be kept. I shall be absent all day until evening, and then I shall return to hear what your success is at the College. Mr. Arden, this money I entrust to you. On no account give it to James until he is within the walls of the College this evening; for his mind is as unsteady as a feather floating in the air. I cannot trust him in spite of his fine preaching. Good morning, Jim.—Good morning, Mr. Arden. I shall be rather late to-night, I dare say."

The respectable old man bowed himself out of the room, and left us alone together. Johnson grasped my hand with the strength of a vice, and looked in my face with extreme anxiety. "You will never tell a word of what occurred last night to any person as long as I live?" he gasped with a look of earnest entreaty.

"Never as long as you live," I replied.

"That is enough," said he: "when I am dead tell it to anybody—to everybody, if you choose. It may be a lesson for others, as the old women say."

"Are you going to read to-day, or do you feel inclined for a walk?" I enquired.

"I never intend to read again," he replied; "I shall take a walk. Have you a cigar to give away?"

I supplied him with the cigar, and muffling ourselves in our cloaks, we went out together in that unpleasant state of feeling, which is usual when persons are unwilling to mention the subject most prominent in their minds. I was walk-

ing without an object in view, but not so Johnson; for before we had gone far, he proposed a glass of brandy and water to keep the cold out. I followed him into the bar of a tavern, and there we sat down by the side of a splendid fire.

"Well, Mary, my love, I have called to see you once more," said my respectable companion to a lively-looking widow, with a pair of very laughing black eyes, and a very red nose. Her age might have been six-and-thirty. She was the landlady and sole proprietress of the tavern and everything in it, as well as three thousand pounds lent out on the very best security. She was well aware of the advantages of these attractions, and had made up her mind to marry a gentleman. Amongst the students of that neighborhood she had several candidates for her little white hand and her more substantial endowments.

"You are such a stranger," she replied, "that I had almost forgotten you, Mr. Johnson."

"Could you do that, Mary?" said Mr. Johnson. "I could never forget you—never. You know I love you too well."

"You show your love in a very strange way, Johnson, if that's what you mean," she replied, laughing. "Why you have not been to see me for a month! What's the meaning of that?"

"I have been hard at work—ask Arden if it is not true—and have scarcely been out of the house. Whenever I come to see you, I can think of nothing else for a week; and surgery and anatomy are swallowed up in the sea of forgetfulness, Mary dear."

"Tell that to your grandmother, James Johnson," exclaimed the merry widow—"it won't do for me. What are you going to take this morning with your cigar?"

"Hot brandy-and-water, Mary, and I'll give you a kiss for it."

"Thank you, Johnson, all the same, but I'll have money, if you please; kisses won't pay my spirit merchant; besides there's a little account you have never settled, as well as the fifteen pounds I lent you, Mr. Johnson. Your memory is rather short."

"You surely don't mean to remind me of those petty things, Mary! I shall have some money from my crusty old dad to-morrow. Arden, you pay for the brandy-and-water."

I paid the money, and my companion proceeded—"What has become of Marsden? I never see the disagreeable wretch now. Is he as tiresome and as fulsome as ever?"

"Yes," replied the widow, "just the same."

"What do you let the brute come here for? I hate the sight of him. Mary, I am going to the College for examination to-night. I am half afraid I shall be rejected."

"Don't go, then," replied the lady.

"I must; nobody in the world can prevent me but you."

"I! Lord! Johnson, how can I prevent you?" exclaimed the landlady.

"You know how I love you—at least I have told you often enough," said my very respectable fellow-lodger—"Say the word, and I will cut the profession for ever, and turn innkeeper. I can make the best punch in the world, as you know,

and I shall make the best husband in the world, as I know. Now, Mary, dear, shall I go to the College to-night?"

"I don't see what I have to do with the matter. Turn innkeeper if you like; who prevents you?"

"You are uncommonly stupid this morning, Mary. I told you I love you, and a month ago you scarcely denied that you loved me. Now in plain words I ask you, will you have me for a husband? Will you become my wife?"

"This is a funny conversation to be carried on before a third person," she replied, "but I'll answer you all the same. If you had asked me the same questions a month ago, I should have said yes, but at this time I must say no."

"You perfidious woman!" exclaimed Johnson. "Why not say yes now?"

"Because I am engaged to be married to Mr. Marsden. You need not be so angry; I'll never ask you for the fifteen pounds, and you shall come to the wedding!"

"I'd sooner go to your funeral, by Heaven! Arden, a blight upon everything in the shape of a woman! Let's go, and leave this gin-spinning old slut to herself."

"You may go, you beggarly doctor! and see if I don't pounce upon you for the money you owe me; if I don't, never trust me again!"

"There, you see what a fool I have made of myself," said my companion—"luck's against me in everything. That old woman is not so very tempting herself, but the money—the devil's own curse light on every possessor, and the inventor of it!"

We returned to our lodgings, and there Johnson walked up and down the room, breathing curses upon everything in existence, myself excepted. He was in the most violent state of excitement I ever saw man in, who was not actually mad. His ill-humor sometimes made me smile, but more frequently made my nerves thrill with horror. I felt happy to think I was not going to remain with him much longer.

He grew calm towards evening, and then we hired a cab to convey us to the College of Surgeons. When we were within the doors of the building I put the money into his hands, and left him. His name was among the first on the list for examination, and I lounged about with a cigar in my mouth to hear of his success when his examination was over. Three-quarters of an hour elapsed, and then a young man emerged from the doors of the College, crushing his hat to pieces in his hands. It was Johnson. I took him by the arm and led him away in silence, for I knew he had been rejected.

After walking a short distance in this way, I proposed that we should get into an omnibus, and return to our lodgings. At first he refused.

"I never can look in my father's face again," said he, "and he will be looking for me to-night, and learn the disgrace that will part us for ever."

"Your father will relent," said I, "if am not mistaken."

"He never will—you don't know him, sir,—his heart is stone. He will curse me."

"I'll not believe it, Johnson. Meet him to-night, and I will try what I can do to make peace between you. Here is an omnibus."

"One of you must go outside, if you please," said the conductor, and I took my station on the top, while my companion got into the vehicle.

There was another outside passenger, and when I examined his face by the gas-light, I discovered him to be Mr. Johnson, senior. I tapped him on the shoulder.

"Ah, Mr. Arden, how do you do this cold evening?" said he; "I suppose it is too early, yet, to know how my son is getting on with his examination?"

"He is inside, sir, in a state bordering on distraction," I replied.

"Rejected, then, I suppose? The idle scoundrel!"

"He has been rejected, Mr. Johnson; but since I have known him I deny that he has been idle. He has injured his health and his mind likewise, by reading too much."

"It is very natural for one student to shield another, from the displeasure of an angry parent, Mr. Arden. Can I trust your word?"

"Hitherto no one has ever doubted it—what I state is fact."

"Then I'll forgive the poor devil, from my heart, I will; at least I'll give him another trial. He can be examined again at the College in six months, I think."

"You are correctly informed, sir," I replied.

"Then he shall have that trial before I cast him off. He was a fine lad as ever breathed. I spoiled him myself, by allowing him three and four

guineas a week, when one and a half was enough. I must make another thing of him, Mr. Arden. He shall be a pleasure to his old father still."

"I hope he will; but you must not speak harshly to him; his mind is not in state to bear it. Take him into the country for a few weeks, where he will have pleasant society."

"I will, yes, I'll take him home to-morrow, and his sickly appearance will be sufficient excuse for his return, without any intimation of his rejection at College. I thank you, Mr. Arden, for the trouble you have taken to convince me that James is not lost for ever. Here we are in Grace-church street; we must get down here."

I jumped down, and ran round to meet my fellow-lodger, and to communicate the success of my trial upon his father's affection. "Grace-church Street," bawled the conductor to the inside passengers, but no one got out. "There's no person for Grace-church Street inside," said the man. "There is," said I—"that gentleman in the further corner sitting by himself." "He is asleep," said one of the few passengers that remained. "Wake him," said I. "He will not wake—I suppose he is intoxicated." "No such thing," I exclaimed; "let me go to him." I got into the omnibus, and shook the inanimate Johnson, who still slept, but it was the sleep of death! Something glittered in the lamplight, and I found it to be a small phial, labelled "Hydrocyanic Acid—Poison!"

From Bayard Taylor's Poems of the Orient.

THE PHANTOM.

AGAIN I sit within the mansion,
In the old familiar seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-brier's arms have wrestled upwards
In the summers that are past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room;
To fill the house, that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces
Within the doorway come—
Voices that wake the sweeter music
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still, her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,

Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

And, all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment,
To dress her dark-brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments—
Her light step on the stair!

O, fluttering heart! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long: but lo! a whisper
Beyond the open door,
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,
The vine, whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
As many a time before:
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A JOURNEY TO JELLALABAD.*

THREE years have almost obliterated from my memory the multitude of minor incidents which form the chief interest of a narrative such as you demand. But for the wish to gratify you, these reminiscences would in all probability have perished with me.

Major Pottinger had long been endeavoring to persuade Akbar to send one of the captives to Jellalabad to treat with General Pollock, thinking that this measure would at least delay the explosion, which he hourly expected, of the pent-up fiery passions of the chiefs (who were irritated beyond measure by their disgraceful defeat, on the 7th of April, by Sir Robert Sale before Jellalabad), which might have proved highly dangerous, if not absolutely destructive to us. But as the Afghans always endeavored to deceive, they never gave another credit for good faith. However, at the end of April (the 23d, the day on which General Elphinstone died), Akbar seemed more inclined to listen to Pottinger's proposal. His own fortunes were at that time in a very low condition; not only had he just been defeated by General Sale, but the faction at Kabul, headed by Zeman Khan, was predominant, added to which, he was troubled by an unhealed and painful wound in the arm, which increased his depression of spirit. At this time General Elphinstone was suffering from violent dysentery. We had no medicine left. I had a lump of opium in my waistcoat pocket, and that had given him some relief, but at last the opium was done, and we could get no more. The only thing I could think of was a pomegranate, which we boiled, and made a very strong bitter drink, which appeared to do him some good: but nature was exhausted, and he sank rapidly. I offered to read the prayers for the dying to him—he assented, but said he would change his apparel. He called his servant,—“Moore, I wish to wash;”

* Captain Colin MacKenzie, who fulfilled the perilous duty of hostage to Akbar Khan in January, 1842, was afterwards sent by that chief to propose terms to General Pollock; and during his stay at Jellalabad, took the opportunity of strongly urging upon the General the importance of an advance upon Kabul. The above account of this journey was afterwards extracted from him with no little difficulty.

General Pollock's reply being unsatisfactory to Akbar, Captain Mackenzie was only allowed to snatch a few hours' repose (while Major Eldred Pottinger prepared a letter to the General) and was sent off again to Jellalabad seven hours after his arrival. His second journey was much less hazardous than the first, all the Afghans being aware of his having returned voluntarily; but the excessive fatigue, coupled with previous hardship and the acute mental suffering caused by the disgrace of our arms, and the massacre of so many friends and intimates, brought on an attack of typhus in its most virulent form, under which he nearly sank; and consequently the task of undertaking the journey for the third and last time was assigned to Captain, now Major Colin Troup, of the 48th B. N. I.

and added (showing how he was reduced), “Bring me that blue shirt which Captain Troup gave me.” It was done, but then he sank into a stupor, so that I could not read to him. Gholam Moynun-d-Din (the man who saved my life at Sir William M'Naghten's murder) came to me to know if it was true that General Elphinstone was dying. I took him into the recess where the General was gasping out his life, and when he saw the old chief stretched on the floor, dying in such misery, he appeared a good deal affected. Akbar was informed of it, and expressed his regret and his sorrow that he had not followed Pottinger's advice, by sending the General to Jellalabad, where he would have had medical assistance. He promised, however, to send his body if he died, and declared his intention of sending one of the captives on a mission to General Pollock. Akbar and the chiefs then consulted who should be sent, and they all pitched upon me, for they had got into their heads that I was a Mullah, and they thought that I would come back. Well, Akbar gave me his instructions, and Pottinger gave me his. Dost Muhammad Khan, the Ghiljye, had a long private conversation with me, in which he endeavored to engage me in his own peculiar interests, without much reference to those of Akbar, concerning whose *nasib* (fate) he appeared more than doubtful. He also repeatedly asked me if I would come back, and was quite unable to understand the reasons which I told him would induce my return. By the way, when I did come back, he frankly avowed that he never expected me, and ridiculed the idea of a promise being binding under such circumstances. Akbar did expect that I would keep my word. He only asked me once if I intended to return, and was quite confused when I answered,—“Are you the son of an Ameer, and ask me, an English gentleman, such a question?” Akbar's propositions were, that the British general should treat with him as the acknowledged head of the Afghan nation; that there should be an exchange of prisoners, including all on each side; that the British should retire from Afghanistan, and that General Pollock should give him a handsome *douceur* in money. In case of these arrangements being effected, he stated that he should be glad to enter into an alliance with the British, both offensive and defensive. This was his public message given openly, but in secret he desired me to ascertain if a private arrangement could not be made to the effect, that General Pollock should insure an amnesty to him and his followers for the past, and that the British Government should bestow on him a large *jaghir* (grant of land). In this case, he said that he would willingly act as Pollock's lieutenant, and assist him in reconquering Afghanistan. In fact, I believe that, but for his fear of acting in direct opposition to his father-in-law, Muhammad Shah Khan, who was decidedly the most talented and energetic of our enemies, Akbar would at this time have openly gone over to our side, always pre-supposing that Pollock would have pledged himself for his personal safety, and a decent provision for himself and family. Most of the prisoners were under guard in the valley of Zjandeh, distant nearly ten miles. Pottinger,

the Eyres, Wallers, Dr. Magrath, and my faithful Christian servant, Jacob, were with me. All, except Pottinger, whose spirit never quailed, and whose courage, moral and physical, was always found equal to any emergency, looked on me as devoted to almost certain destruction, and, indeed, several of the Afghan chiefs, knowing the character of the country through which I had to pass, did not attempt to conceal the unfavorable nature of their anticipations.

At this time the poor old general died. The last words he said were (one likes to remember the very words of a dying man) to his servant, Moore—"Moore, lift up my head, it is the last time I shall trouble you." He did so, weeping bitterly, for he was very much attached to his master. I went and took leave of the poor old general's remains, and kissed his hand, but I shed no tear, though my heart was very full.

I was to start immediately. I rode a horse of Lady Sale's; they wanted me to take my own saddle, but as the European fashion of it would have betrayed me instantly, I asked for an Afghan one, and never saw my saddle again. My *posteen* (sheepskin cloak), which was full of vermin, had the sleeves so batted together by the rain, that I could not force my arms in, but Sultan Jan soon solved the difficulty, by cutting off the ends of the sleeves with his sword. I found that I was to be under the charge of a noted robber, named Buttee Doosd, i. e. Buttee the thief; for this man was a sort of Rob Roy among the Ghiljies, and had contrived to ease Sir Robert Sale, during his unquiet march to Jellalabad, of some hundreds of camels, all of which he re-sold to the general in his extremity. Our party consisted of two horsemen of Akbar's, and three of Buttee's own men, who were, like himself, on foot. Leaving the fort, we turned to the right, and, crossing the valley, we struck into the defiles of the mountains which separate the valley of Teyzeen from that of Zinganeh; there we edged away to the north-east, forcing our way up the bed of a mountain torrent, which reached, every now and then, to the breasts of our horses, over huge boulders of stone, that made it all but impassable, until we came to a small cascade up which it was impossible to go. The horsemen began to abuse Buttee for bringing them on such a road; he declared it was a very good one, and told me to dismount and follow him. The precipice on the right was wholly impracticable, and he took us up a goat-path on the left, where I cannot sufficiently wonder at the horses being able to follow. The exertion was tremendous. As soon as I found myself alone with Buttee, and discovered that he could speak Persian, I began to make friends with him. He abused the horsemen for a couple of milkops. He himself was the finest specimen of a wiry athletic mountaineer I ever saw; he was nothing but bone, sinew, and muscle, an Ahmedyze, about thirty years of age, and never appeared in the least fatigued or out of breath in surmounting hills, to which Ben Lomond is a joke. In going up this tremendous ascent, not even his nostril was expanded. In toiling up these places, he generally put his heavy matchlock behind his back, with the ends resting on the inside of his elbows, and

marched up, of course, without using his hands, and often singing a Pushtu war-song. At last we worked our way up to the snow, which was still more dangerous, from its extreme slipperiness, and from our track sloping on one side towards the torrent at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The exertion was so great, that in spite of the cold wintry wind the perspiration streamed off like rain. Even the Afghan horsemen declared they had never seen such a road. Here and there we saw a little mountain fastness perched on some "bad eminence," standing in strong relief against the sky, and which we passed with as little ado as might be. At the top of this stupendous pass we came among the most magnificent cedars and pines of from eighteen to five-and-twenty feet in girth, with their giant branches tossed abroad horizontally, as if defying the elements; the effect of these forest Titans in the moonlight was more grand and romantic than can be described. At the very summit of the pass, a long pole is planted in the ground, with a white flag on the top, on passing which all good Mohammedans stroke their beards and utter a prayer. The name of the pass is Khurkhuchar. The descent on the Zinganeh side is comparatively easy, but drenched as I was with perspiration, I suffered much from the icy blast which seemed to cut through me.

Our road at first lay along a narrow ridge from ten to twenty feet only in breadth; the brightness of the now fully risen moon scarcely enabling our eyes to penetrate the vast profound on either hand, especially on the right, where the gloomy depth of the abyss, of at least two thousand feet, darkened by the huge shadow of the opposing mountain, which rises abruptly ridge over ridge, until lost in the blue ether, dimly revealed through the boughs of the holly-oaks and cedars which fringed the descent, the flashing waters of the torrent beneath. On the left, the gulf opened out in the direction of the pass of Jugdulluk and its fatal barriers, where, still untouched by decay, lay the bodies of many of my brave comrades; for there fell Anquetil, Chambers, Nicholl, Skinner, Macartney, Dodgin (who fought so desperately, though he had but one leg, that the enemy were obliged to shoot him from a distance), and many a devoted soldier besides; and there, some three months previously, had I witnessed the deep despair of poor General Elphinstone when he and his unhappy subordinate, Colonel Shelton, were entrapped by their treacherous enemy. Beyond, in misty outline, loomed the savage hills of Tugao, Nijerao, and the Oosheen tribes. Buried in deep reflection, I loitered behind my guides, and while memory brought the harrowing events of the past in ghostly array before me, the future seemed shrouded in uncertainty and gloom. The consciousness of utter insignificance, however, which as usual was produced in my mind by the contemplation of the mighty works of God even in the material world, and my sense of weakness and absolute inability in any way to control the progress of events which were rapidly hurrying to a crisis, and which were fraught with safety or destruction to myself and my fellow captives, and with honor or dishonor to my country, had the good

effect of leading me for comfort, support, and direction to Him, whose arm is never shortened to uphold and save all who put their trust in Him. Well might I say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me," and the thought gave me courage. Presently I was summoned to the front, and, mounting my horse, we pressed on rapidly, it being Buttee's earnest desire that we should pass certain locations of the Jubber Khail tribes, in whose country we now were, if possible, before daylight; for he frankly admitted to me, that he, an Ahmedzye, would be unable to protect me, in case of discovery, from the fury of these wild men who acknowledge little more than a mere nominal allegiance even to their own chiefs, if any sacrifice of plunder or bloodshed be involved thereby. Our road became rougher at every step, as we plunged into deep ravines, and wound our painful way along ancient water-courses, now dry, whose beds consisted wholly of large pebbles rounded by the action of the torrents of former days, which bruised the feet of my unfortunate Cape horse in a lamentable fashion, especially after the loss of one of his shoes.

Before we reached the valley of Zinganeh, we had to cross a shallow stream (whose pure sweet waters I shall ever remember with gratitude, for my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and then and on three subsequent journeys did it quench my thirst.) We then ascended another chain of hills, lower indeed than those we had left behind, but very steep, rugged, and barren. The valley of Zinganeh itself, at the point where we entered (with the exception of a narrow strip of land fit for cultivation, not more than sixty yards in breadth, and along which, on spots where a few mulberry trees gave a scanty shade, some families of the Jubber Khail Ghiljies had reared their miserable huts, or pitched their black tents,) was merely a confused mass of rocks and rounded stones, through the midst of which the Soorkh-ab-River foamed and struggled. This river, during the heats of summer, is a dangerous torrent, being then swollen by the melting of the snow of the lower ridges of the mountains of Solomon, the highest of which, called the Tukht-y-Sulimān (or throne of Solomon), forms a magnificent object in the distance, especially when seen in the broad daylight, as I afterwards did, from the top of the Khur-khuchur Pass. Day beginning to dawn, Buttee mounted my horse, causing me to ride behind him, with my hands and face enveloped in the folds of my turban and sheep-skin cloak, leaving my eyes scarcely as visible as those of the roughest Skye terrier. Of course I was smothered, but there was no help for it, as it was necessary that I should pass for a sick *urbaub* (or small chief) of Peshawar, sent by Akbar Khan under Buttee's charge to his native place. In this guise we sneaked past those rural abodes of "the gentle Afghan swains," which it was impossible to avoid by a circum-bendibus. But the old Cape horse, who had fallen quite lame, now entered a vehement protest against the double burden imposed on him, by standing still, and, when urged to proceed, kicking like fury. The Afghans laughed, but it was no joke to me, not being predisposed to mirth,

and perched as I was upon the sharp ridge of the brute's backbone, so muffled up as to be unable to use my hands. Every jolt made me sympathize with Aiken Drum, who, as the old Scotch song informs us, "rode upon a razor." In good earnest, during the four or five hours' ride which followed, my position was one of downright torture, my feet being unsupported, felt as if a hundred pounds weight were attached to each of them (I suppose from the blood rushing into them, and the consequent stoppage of circulation), and the pain in my limbs actually made me groan. Entering the Isārak Valley, one of the most extensive and fertile in Afghanistan, and possessed chiefly by the Jubber Khail (which clan, the most powerful of all the Eastern Ghiljies, is divided and subdivided into numerous tribes), we followed the course of the Soorkh-Ab (or "red water"), which, after traversing these rich lands from west to east to within a few miles of Gundamuk, takes a northerly direction, and finding a passage through a chain of low mountains, falls into the Kabul River, at a place of the same name as itself. Our object was to reach Chinghai (which in Pushtoo means a high fortress), (some twelve miles down the valley of Isaruck and half way up one of the mountains of Solomon, which bound the valley to the south), which belongs to two brothers, principal chiefs of the Jubber Khail, viz. Sir Frāz Khan, and Sir Biland Khan, the latter of whom arrogated to himself the truly Afghan distinction of having assassinated James Skinner. *En route* we met several Ghiljies, whose inquiries concerning me, Buttee and his followers evaded by lying; but eluding their ominous curiosity was a great grief to me, as, in addition to intolerable pain I was enduring, I had sedulously to muffle up my white skin, the least appearance of which would have been my death-warrant; and keeping my wide Afghan trousers from rising up to my knees was next to impossible. Some five miles before we reached Chinghai, as we tried to slip past a fort belonging to a small chief, who was so execrably diabolical, as to be accounted a perfect ogre even by his own people, we were thrown into great consternation by being challenged and ordered to stop. Our consultation was brief, and our actions decided. The two horsemen rode boldly up to the fort, and asked for a pipe, while Buttee, myself, and the footmen turned abruptly to the right. Several men pursued us, thinking our shyness suspicious, and overtook us just as Buttee in desperation tried to force our jaded steed up a steep bank. Seeing them closing in upon us, I slipped off and made straight up the hill, paying no attention to the calls of our pursuers, whose course was arrested by our ready-witted guide, who succeeded in pacifying them and lulling their suspicions; my sulky inattention confirming the idea that I was one of themselves. At last we reached the foot of the mountain on which Chinghai stands, and crossed the Soorkh-Ab, there a deep and dangerous torrent, by a bridge not more than a foot and a-half in width, and which bent and trembled under the weight of the horse that carried Buttee and myself, for I had again mounted (*post equitem cedit* etc.).

We hoped to pass another fort close to the river unobserved, but just as we forded a small stream, and when right opposite the gate, our horse fell, and I tumbled off into the midst of a crowd of ruffians who had rushed out at the cry of "Strangers." Worn out with pain and fatigue, and despairing of escape, I was on the point of dropping my disguise, and meeting my fate with as much fortitude as I could muster under such appalling circumstances; but it was only a passing temptation. By God's blessing I did not lose my presence of mind. The instant I abandoned my first desperate impulse, life seemed doubly dear, and I confess that the imminent prospect of being murdered in cold blood, without one friend near, and without being able to strike a blow in my own defence, made me feel for the first time the anguish of mortal fear, notwithstanding the awful extremity in which I had twice stood before, when surrounded by the Afghans, in cutting my way into cantonments, and again at Sir William M'Naghten's murder. I already felt by anticipation a dozen daggers clashing in my side, but I was up-borne by strength not my own. I kept my sheepskin cloak wrapped closely around me, concealing my face, and staggered forward, like a man worn down by sickness. One of Buttee's followers took the hint, and caught me by the arm as if to assist me, reviling the luckless horse which had played such a trick to so good a man. To my astonishment, the crowd gave way before me, and I emerged from what appeared to be certain destruction. Meanwhile, Buttee, who, as he afterward confessed, had at first given me over for lost, was far from idle. Lest second thought should prove my doom, he commenced a most fluent harangue in Pushtoo to his gaping audience, painting, in glowing colors, various imaginary successes lately achieved by Akbar over the hated Kafirs (infidels) and the rival faction at Kabul. Thus favored, I continued my retreat unmolested up the deep pathway leading to Chinghai; but such was my fatigue that it was with difficulty I could drag one leg after the other, and not daring to look behind, lest the action should excite suspicion. For the first hundred yards I fully expected every instant to feel a knife in my back. My relief was great when the trampling of a horse announced the proximity of Buttee, who dismounted in my favor, and thus we reached the fort. About a dozen horsemen were assembled under the walls, to avoid whom was necessary, while Buttee sought Sir Fraz Khan. Our two horsemen mingled with the others, whom I took to be some of the Jan Baz who had deserted from us, and who continued to regard me with looks full of distrust. so that I was glad to be led away by one of Buttee's men from so unwholesome a neighborhood to a platform a little way off. Here he admonished me to lie down, and keep myself covered up with my *posteen*. This I did, and not knowing whether my enemies had departed or not, I lay for nearly two hours on my face, under a baking sun, with my feet drawn up like a hedgehog, for more effectual concealment. My breath scorched my lips, and it became a matter of doubt whether death by apoplexy or the sword were prefer-

able. At last a voice made me look up, and I found myself alone with a strange Afghan, whose sinister countenance was not at all improved by a large claret stain over one cheek. This proved to be Sir Fraz Khan himself. I told him I was dying of heat, whereupon he led me into the family burying-ground (!) a pleasant grove of fruit and plane trees, on a gentle slope commanding a magnificent view of the whole valley of Isaruk, with its numerous forts and groves, and which derives a rare fertility, freshness, and verdure from the impetuous river which intersects it, the roar of whose dashing waters, now softened to a murmur, stole up the hill side with a soothing influence. Overhead the birds twittered amid the thick foliage, which cast a deeper shade of green on the soft fresh grass on which I lay—a rivulet of water turned by the chief's order into a channel close by me, sparkled and bubbled along, inviting frequent draughts while I laved my burning hands and face. I was supplied with food, namely, milk and the bannocks of the country, and a kaloon, and divesting myself of all superfluous garments, I lay enjoying this transition from a real Papistical purgatory to a Muhammadan Paradise, until I fell asleep.

In the afternoon Sir Fraz Khan paid me a long visit, and did his best to prove that he was the only Afghan who really entertained a genuine friendship for the English, that he had not participated in the revolt against us, and spoke of the massacre of our troops with abhorrence. In spite of his art, however, his real feelings peeped out sufficiently to mark the hypocrite and the villain, even if I had not known my man, and the master-passion of this most sordid of his covetous race (who are all perfect Catilines "*Alieni appetentes suorum profusi*,") broke out in spite of himself when he denounced and reviled Macgregor, on account of the pitiful presents he had received from that officer, when Sir Robert Sale's force passed through Gandamak on its retreat to Jellalabad, on which occasion the knight as most Englishmen will take him to be by his name—swore many a solemn oath in fidelity to us. Alack for our policy! Unnecessary profusion in the first instance has always been followed up by unwise parsimony, which again reacting, involves prodigious expenditure—in the present instance, unhappily, not only of treasure but of human blood. Macgregor had no choice, but there is no doubt in my mind that a judicious generosity at that crisis might have detached Sir Fraz Khan and his powerful clan from the faction of Akbar Khan, and thus a different complexion would most probably have been given to subsequent events. My disinterested friend ended his harangue by endeavoring to make a treaty with General Pollock through me in his own favor, quite irrespective of the interest even of his own brother Sir Bilund Khan; and hinted that, under his auspices, the rescue of that portion of the prisoners who were in the valley of Zjandeh would not be very difficult. By the way, had this proposition been listened to, and he had really carried off the prisoners in question—thereby trebling the hardships, if not involving the destruction of the

remainder—far from delivering them into the hands of the British Government, he would have undoubtedly kept them in pawn on his own account. Poor wretch! at the time I write, his mortal remains rest in the pleasant burying ground where I experienced his hospitality on this and a subsequent occasion, for he has since been murdered by his feudal enemy at the foot of the hill, whose unpropitious acquaintance I had narrowly escaped that morning.

In the evening, Buttee Doosd took an affectionate leave of me, evidently glad to be rid of so unsatisfactory a charge, for although I think the peculiar notions of his race concerning the point of honor would have led him to die in my defence, he felt that the life of a true believer would in that case have been unworthily wasted. Honest Buttee, if I may poetically call him so, was a man of extraordinary intelligence, and, like most of his countrymen who are distinguished for superior vigor of intellect, personally liked Europeans.

Muhammad Shah Khan was an exception to the general rule, and of course the Mullahs and all under their influence, to use their own expression, longed to drink our blood. Not that the Afghans are generally a priest-ridden people. On the contrary, they openly despise both their spiritual guides and the Kuran itself, if these should stand in the way of the gratification of any particular passion. I remember on one occasion, before the outbreak, Macgregor and I were doing our best to dissuade a man from murdering another, who had twelve years before eloped with his wife. We quoted the Kuran to prove that the matter might be arranged without the shedding of blood, to which he coolly replied that the Kuran had one custom, and his tribe another, and his father, an old man of upwards of eighty years of age, who was present, exclaimed (his head shaking with palsy and diabolical rage), "If my son does not kill him, I will, and I don't care if I go to hell afterwards!" A pleasant and profitable parent truly!

My guards were now two men of the Jubber Khail (Sir Fraz Khan's own clan) one Dost Muhammad, and an Akhoonzadeh, the latter having been selected on account of his known craft and reputed sanctity, the former as being an acknowledged bold and faithful villain, and both from their intimate connection with the greatest rascals in the country, of every clan and tribe, and especially with the Black Tent Ghiljies, several hordes of whom were known to lie on our route. The parting pipe was smoked, "Bismillah" was the word, and I recommenced my pilgrimage, it being difficult to say whether I or my unhappy horse was the more stiff and indisposed for nocturnal rambles. Avoiding the track at the bottom of the hill, we pushed along a spur of the mountain, over very broken and dangerous ground, occasionally passing by a small fort with its hanging gardens watered by little mountain streams, along the banks of which grew the musk willow (*Béd-i-mooshk*) in great profusion, filling the air with its charming fragrance. Edging down once more into the valley of Isaruk, we followed it westward, and then struck off the direct road to Jellalabad,

making as straight as possible for the Kabul River, leaving Gundamak on the left. You may imagine my feelings as I looked at the hill where British honor was finally quenched in the blood of the small band of gallant men, the remains of our betrayed troops who had manfully struggled on thus far to be sacrificed almost within sight of the haven of safety, for another march would have taken them clear of these fatal mountain passes, into the comparatively warm and fertile plain of Jellalabad, where a few disciplined and brave men under good leadership might have easily held their own against any amount of the wretches who massacred the few stragglers, who under Captain Bellow reached Futtihabad.

It is quite beyond question that Wyld's force, amounting to some 40,000 men, ought in the beginning of December to have pushed through the Khaiber. At that time there would have been no organized resistance to their passage, which might very easily have been made in two days, by a strong body of Infantry without guns, carrying with them, not the ponderous camp equipage so justly condemned by Sir Charles Napier, but three days' provisions in the men's haversacks and their ammunition, for which donkeys were available. At Lalpura, the Jellalabad end of the pass, Turabaz Khan, a staunch friend and the most powerful of the Momund Chiefs, would have received them with open arms, and supplied all things needful. The march thence to Jellalabad was, for armed men, a hop, skip and jump. A rapid move of this kind, combined with the news of other Brigades then actually advancing to Peshawar through the Panjab, whose numerical force was of course quadrupled by rumor, would have taken the Khyberies by surprise, and effectually bridled any disposition on their part to oppose the advance of the rearward columns by whom all supplies and munitions of war might have been safely escorted to Jellalabad. The moral effect in favor of the Kabul force would have been prodigious. Sale might then without any misgivings, and with increased force, have retraced his steps towards Kabul, still leaving Jellalabad garrisoned, and the result may be well imagined by any person at all conversant with the events of that period. Indeed, in the absence of all succor from the Peshawar side, Sir Robert Sale ought, on the first rumour of our evacuation of Kabul, to have marched to meet us certainly as far as Gundamak—(on the famous 7th of April he was induced to lead the same troops, which he had under his command in December, against Akbar's besieging army, by that time increased to at least double the strength of that which hung upon and finally annihilated General Elphinstone's force). I have said that up to Gundamak there are no defiles worth speaking of on the road from Jellalabad towards Kabul.—This forward movement unopposed, save by a few hundred marauders, would have overawed the Chiefs and tribes who lay between the meeting armies, and it is my firm belief that the pursuit of the one would have ceased at Teyzeen.—Moreover at this time there was not the least fear of Jellalabad being occupied by the enemy

in General Sale's rear, there being no enemy deserving the name to perform such a feat, a fact fully proved by the circumstance that for a considerable time after the final destruction of the Kabool army, the officers of the Jellalabad garrison used to enjoy field sports in the neighborhood of the fort without molestation. Doubtless these measures would appear very rash to many; but from those accustomed to eastern warfare, and who know the country and the people, I should expect a different judgment.

Revenons à nos moutons.

Before dawn we stopped in a field of young wheat, and after the free and easy fashion of the country, allowed our horses to feed *ad libitum*. Probably the excellent Akhoonzadeh chose that particular field as belonging to some one whom he had formerly injured, that being, curiously enough, often a motive for increased hostility. Resuming our journey, daylight ushered us into a rather large camp of the Black Tent Ghiljies, of whose fraternity my guides were rather doubtful, and exhorted me, as I valued my life, to continue to act the sick urbáb. Most of the people were asleep, but we were challenged when half way through by a man who fortunately proved to be an old friend of my guide's, and in that capacity insisted on our smoking a pipe. Not perfectly trusting even him, the Akhoonzadeh dismounted and himself presented me with the *chillum*, I holding a little aloof so as not to be recognized in the imperfect light as a Feringhi. These Black Tent Ghiljies are a very fine race of men physically—their women are of corresponding outward form, and go unveiled. They are the freest of free mountaineers, and *de facto* acknowledge no authority, human or divine. The strong will, powerful arm, and hard heart are the qualities which can alone rule these savage animals. Living continually in their tents of coarse black woollen stuff (whence their name of *Khaneh pur dosh*, i. e. house upon shoulder), their habits are purely pastoral, which signifies, in spite of poets and would-be philosophers, a state of unmitigated and incredible wickedness and immorality. They migrate from the borders of the Punjab over the range of the Suliman Mountains far west into the country of the Hazáras, and back again, choosing their pastures according to the season, and frequently having to fight with a rival clan for possession of the same. Their blood-feuds are consequently innumerable, and woe to all travellers and Kafilas whom they meet, who do not possess some acknowledged claim to their forbearance. None but the more powerful clans dare to insult or injure even individuals of these nomadic tribes, as when they unite for purposes of revenge, which they readily do on slight provocation, they are extremely formidable, and most savage in their reprisals. Shortly after my departure from the Fort of Teyzeen, Akbar Khan despatched the corpse of Lord Elphinstone, accompanied by one of that lamented officer's servants (Private Miller of H. M.'s 44th), under charge of one of his principal officers and a guard, towards Jellalabad, thinking to propitiate General Pollock by this tardy act of courtesy. Miller was disguised as an Affghan, and great pains were taken to conceal him from

the observation of the people of the country. The evening of the first day's journey the party encountered a camp of these very Black Tent Ghiljies, who, discovering the nature of their errand, cut down the European, and dragging the corpse from the coffin, loaded it with indignities, and would have finished by burning it, and completing the murder of the unfortunate servant, but for the strenuous remonstrances and entreaties of the escort and its leader, whom, however, they beat and maltreated, despoiling the officer of his turban and sword. This is an instance of their savage independence, and shows what would have been my fate had my disguise been penetrated. Some time afterward, when I happened to encounter my quondam guide Buttée Doosd, he exhibited me to his wandering companions (to whom he related the incident of my falling off the horse at the foot of Chinghai Hill) as a wonderful instance of the mercy of God, to which they all replied by stroking their beards and exclaiming, "That was indeed a great miracle!"

Some three hours more hard riding brought us close to another camp of these vagrants, by which we glided without stopping to smoke the usual pipe, my guides, who seemed well known to the people, excusing themselves on the plea of haste. About the middle of the day we reached the Kabul River, where we stopped to rest and refresh ourselves as we best might, our fare being principally a stale bannock. While sitting on a stone in the bed of the river at some distance from my companions, an Affghan made towards me hastily, but observing my two guides he turned off and entered into conversation with them. He had discovered me to be a Feringhi, and to avoid unpleasant consequences in case of his summoning his friends, we mounted and made the best of our way to Jellalabad. The climate of the plain in the middle of the day was a trying change from that of the snowy mountain I had lately left, the thermometer ranging in the shade from 135 to 140 degrees. The heat quite stupefied me, and by the time we reached the outlying picket of General Pollock's camp, which was after sunset, my horse could not have carried me another hundred yards, and I was (*Scottice*) *sair farfoughten*. A vidette challenged us, and we halted until the Soobádar of the party, accompanied by several troopers, came out to inspect and examine us. They would not believe that I was an European, so black and haggard had I become, until I laughed, when the old Native officer at once recognized the Sahib. This picket was commanded by poor Captain Mellish of the Bengal Cavalry, who received me with great warmth, lent me his charger to carry me to General Pollock's tent, and promised to look after my poor worn horse and my companions. General Pollock and my old friend Macgregor were astonished at the sudden intrusion of such an apparition, and the latter claimed me as his guest. The news of my arrival soon spread through the camp, and I still remember with much pleasure the hearty sympathy and genuine kindness manifested by every officer and soldier in it to the best of his ability.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

REMARKS ON THE MORAVIANS.

BY THE LATE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

MR. URBAN: — From the Library of the late Dr. Southey I purchased a volume lettered on the back: "MORAVIANS COMPARED AND DETECTED," being a collection of several tracts relative to the Moravians, printed in the years 1753, 1754, and 1755. It is inscribed, on its fly-leaf, with the name of —

Robert Southey,

Keswick, June 6, 1807,

and has several manuscript remarks by the hand of S. T. Coleridge, which you will probably think sufficiently interesting, the writer considered, to be placed before your readers. In the first inscription (which is written on the first fly-leaf) he seems to have had the Society of Friends in his eye: —

"It is with religious sects as with certain characters in common life: the worst comes out first. The first fervors of zeal impel both teachers and disciples to deduce consequences from their main principles with a *straight-forward down-rightness*, and to obtrude them on the attention with a hardihood of profession, and in such language as heated feelings naturally suggest, i. e. glowing and sensuously material. From the same cause, almost all enthusiastic sects, in attempting to spiritualize matter, are sure to materialize spirit — the body playing them a trick, which they themselves do not expect. But in a generation or two, at least wherever they are not persecuted, the natural operation of sympathy, and the craving to be sympathized with, commences; what has been found offensive to others, becomes gradually so to the sectary himself, and at last nothing remains but a costume perhaps and a more regulated mannerism of morals and religious *Cult*; while to fool-hardy extravagance succeeds shrewdness, caution, and all the fundamental qualities that make a *warm man*, and padlock the chest which they are sure to fill. S. T. C."

The next was written at a subsequent sitting: —

"It would be well for most sects, if only the names of the founders remained, their works having perished. For the attempts to explain away what, from consistency, they dare not disavow, involves them in worse inconsistency, nay, has (as among the Quakers) ended in an absolute misology, or determination neither to talk or think on the disputed parts of their faith; the consequence of which is, generally speaking, an entire ignorance of the true grounds of all faith. Thus, I doubt not, but that few *English* Moravians exist, who would not shudder at the language and tenets of Zinzendorf, if they were even now presented to

them under any other name. For, I confess, there seems no possibility of favorably interpreting many parts; though he has been grossly misunderstood in more. His doctrines of the Godhead assuredly resolve themselves into a fantastic atheism (for his sleeping Propater is no better than Hesiod's Chaos) branching out into a gross material Polytheism — and never sure on earth, or since Adam, was a more unlucky attempt made to spiritualize sensuality by sensualizing, in the grossest and most objectionable forms, the most awful conceptions of spirit. Yet the amiable and truly Christian conduct of the Moravian church shows us, how acceptable to God it is to believe with the heart, how strange soever the chimeras of the brain may be. Of one fact I much wish to be informed — whether the presence of the elders is actually required at the consummation of marriages; for, words and passages in an individual's writings may lie inert, or be reasoned away, but a practice, a regular rite, *burns in*, and belongs to every member of the society.

"One other remark I will add, of a general nature — that, among the leading errors common to all religious enthusiasts, this is not the last or least: that they always consider the soul of man exclusively in reference to itself and to man, i. e. as if every man were always alone; and pass over that large portion of human nature which refers to the action of man on man, as sympathy, modesty, and innocent shame, not from guilt or any sense of guilt, but simply because something is referred to which is proper to solitude, or in which no sympathy can be expected, or from recalling things in one state of mind which could only take place under a state of feeling altogether different, i. e. when we cannot sympathize even with our past selves. The ignorance, and consequent contempt, of this beautiful part of our nature (which Milton has given even to the Angel Raphael, when he blushed at one of Adam's questions), and the gross confusion of it with guilty shame and false shame, was the ground of the very worst and most offensive part of Zinzendorf's Hymns and Sermons; and under the notion of "retrenching all to Innocence," he has not merely stripped, but absolutely fled his disciples — taken off the covering which nature has interwoven with our moral life.

"What the present Liturgical Language of the Moravians is, I know not; but I suspect that their theology still remains idolatrous, even after a more pernicious sort than that of the Romanists. Z.'s sophistry concerning the Second Commandment proves the importance of my fundamental distinction between contingent and necessary Presence, as the sole basis of all religious adoration. — S. T. C."

The first tract in the volume is "A Candid

Narrative of the Rise and Progress of the Herrnhuters, commonly called Moravians, or, Unitas Fratrum, etc. By Henry Rimius; at the end of which, as an Appendix, is given a responsorial letter of the Theological Faculty of the University of Tübingen, to his Most Serene Highness the Duke of Wurtemberg, against Count Zinzendorf, dated May 8, 1747; upon which Coleridge remarks:—

"The responsorial Letter, that follows, is, both in tone of feeling, and in matter of sound judgment, highly honorable to the Theological Faculty of Tübingen, which has within the last twenty years, and even to this day, distinguished itself, as an Abdiel, by its opposition to the Socinian or Philo-Christian Divines (the majority of the Clergy of N. Germany), with Eichhorn and Dr. Paulus at their head."

In "The Moravians Compared and Detected; By the Author of The Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists Compared," 1755, at p. 61, occurs this passage: "To prove that they (the Moravians) live as well as teach flagitiously, we need not, I suppose, conceive that their *Actions* are better than their *Doctrines*, or that they will speak out the *worst* of themselves." Upon this Coleridge remarks: "This Postulate is the true ground of all the incredible charges made by Epiphanius and others on the Ancient Heretics. How false it is, taken generally, the lives of the Moravians may serve as a proof. High-flown metaphors are first understood in their most material sense, and the conduct deduced. Now this is contrary to experience as well as Scripture—from the Conduct we should interpret the Opinions. And in truth, wherever the principles of a Sect are *efficiently wicked*, we there do hear chiefly of their actions, and by these actions the principles are attacked and exposed: ex. gr. the Jacobins in France. Whenever, therefore, as in Epiphanius and Rimius and the present author, we find nothing but opinions and wild words held up to our abhorrence, or at least only reports of horrid enormities done in secret among the Initiated into the highest mysteries, we may be pretty certain that the Sect is harmless. Who are stricter in their lives than the Calvinist Methodists? Yet what horrible consequences have been drawn from their doctrine of Faith without works, and charged on its adherents. But Andrew Frey? I suspect old Andrew Frey! How comes the pun of Merry Andrew in a letter supposed to be translated from the German? In the original it would be Hans Wurste=Jack Sausage; and that would be no pun on Andrew, or Andreas. Besides, what do his charges amount to? Black words, that frighten one, are his colors; but what are the figures? Truly, a grand Romp on a birthnight: music, which

he calls *wanton tunes**—an attribute of a tune which I have often indeed heard, but could never understand; and the only definite action, which he adduces, is a practical Joke, not very uncommon at rustic wakes and merry-makings, and which may easily excite the indignation of the Stomach, but verily does not belong to the Court of Conscience. I should never have delivered over the offender to the Prince of the Air, unless for a few minutes, that he might sweeten himself. Our good Bishop is, indeed, more merry than indignant at the crime. In what state of mind Andrew Frey was, and how competent a witness, see p. 52 of his Pamphlet.† Such a man could both see and hear everything he chanced to dream of—in other words, the man was crazy.—S. T. C.

Coleridge's next side-note refers to an unfair inference (at p. 66), that the Moravians "bear a particular spite to the seventh commandment, prohibiting adultery," count Zinzendorf, in a sermon preached at London, having publicly set forth that "the seventh commandment could oblige us no more in the New Testament, because it was at a time when one man had five or six wives;" from which it is argued, that "therefore it follows of course, that it can be no adultery to make use of other women or other men's wives, under the Gospel dispensation, seeing it allows but one wife." Coleridge replies: "There can be no doubt, from the particular sanctity ascribed to marriages by the Moravians, that the count Z.'s meaning was no more than this: that the moral obligation to marriage fidelity

* At their Merry-makings, an uproar, as if a Mad-house had broken loose.—Musicians heightening their Mirth with all manner of *wanton Tunes*; their *Orgia* lasting till One or Two in the Morning, with the most indecent Levities; Increase of Wantonness, Tumults, Rioting.—Frey, p. 20. . . .
"Mr. Frey concludeth, upon the whole, That the Moravian is the wickedest Sect that has appeared since the Apostles' Time.—P. 70."

† The passage to which Coleridge refers is as follows:—"The first step towards becoming a false Teacher is a Departure from God; the just Punishment of such Apostasy is their Rejection, which in some is seen to be accompanied with a Spirit of Magic, operating in Dreams or by Inspirations: of which, incredible as this may appear, I my own self have had but too convincing Experience; I was once, for a while, deceived by a fair Appearance in one who was possessed of this magical Talent; he could inject Dreams into me, and in those Dreams get from me what he would; he could further impress on me a strong Sensation of his Disquietudes; 'tis not only I, but other Persons still living, who have felt this supernatural Malignancy, and his Name is Bernesdorff. In this respect it is, that God complains of the Dreams of the Jews, and of the Workings of the Spirit in the False Prophets." This Bernesdorff appears to have been a prototype of the more recent practitioners of animal magnetism.

among Christians is not founded on the seventh commandment delivered to the Jews, but the purer and loftier morality of the Gospel dispensation. In this sense the count's argument is a just one. To him who may have as many wives as he can keep, the seventh commandment is but the eighth and tenth commandments enforced in one most important instance: Thou shalt not steal, nor covet another's goods. Christianity founds it on the nobler and more mysterious necessity of exclusive Love. There is nothing [in] common between polygamy with the power of divorce, and the marriage-union of one Christian man with one Christian woman. They are essentially different states; and a law applying to one, cannot be immediately applicable to the other. — S. T. C."

The next side-note is applied to a quotation in which count Zinzendorf says: "The magistrate may and must use laws; — but when we consider our Saviour's ruling of the heart, the souls who are his bride, here we can't think of law." Coleridge remarks: "Surely, nothing can be more innocent or just. The count has said, wisely: the outward morality which is producible by mere prudence, I entrust to the care of magistrates; and therefore it is that I have avowed that the strict discipline and multitude of officers in our society, is not a religious but a civil and temporal discipline. In matters of *virtue* (i. e. the root, the fountain), we cannot think of any outward law; no, not of the divine law, as far as it is outward, i. e. grounded on threatenings or promises. But that the count did not therefore hold law superfluous, is demonstrated by the watchful discipline and multiplied magistracy of the Moravians, in addition to the laws of the country." Again, Zinzendorf is quoted (p. 69): "T is a false charge against us, that we make void the law. For we insist on those things which are inculcated in a *legal* method; and the word *law* is not rightly understood," — i. e. (writes Coleridge) we insist upon them at all events; but at the same time we teach that, unless they flow from the new fountain, they are of no avail to a Christian's sanctification. And is not this

orthodox? Is it not St. Paul's and St. James's doctrine? Nay, has not even the Epicurean Horace said the same thing? 'I have not robbed, or murdered.' 'Well, and you have not been sent to the galleys. You have had your appropriate reward.' — S. T. C."

(P. 71.) "He prescribes a method to his missionaries, how to deal with the *comptrollers of the Scriptures* (those that desire proofs of every doctrine out of the Scripture), viz. that they ought to prove all such things by the defects or imperfections of these Writings, which those comptrollers pretend to make good by the perfection and infallibility of the Scripture. The reading of the Scripture appears to him to be more dangerous than useful to the society." This is a quotation from Rimius. Coleridge remarks: "What the count meant (71), I know not; but I know, that a learned Christian may understand the words, as both to take the count's advice, and make a most important practical use of it."

(P. 72.) "G. J. Sutor, who for many years had a considerable post among them, affirms, that among the *Herrnhuters* many live without the Bible; and such as have one, sell or give it away. This can be proved by many examples. I have heard persons of the *first rank*, who have great authority in their society, make their brags, that they had never read the Bible in their lives. (Another quotation from Rimius.) Coleridge: "Where is the proof that these facts apply to the Moravians, as a sect? The negative needs no other proof than may be found in Crantz's History of Greenland and its Missionaries. I have known but few Moravians indeed; but every one I have known, had the O. and N. Test. at his fingers' ends. — S. T. C."

There is only one more, in p. 79: —

"Violent expressions of (rather, attributed to) an individual are equivalent, before this judge, with the avowal of the whole society. What if the Ch. of England were tried in this manner?"

J. M. TRAHERNE.

Coedriglan.

One man sucks an orange, and is choked by a pit; another swallows a penknife and lives; one runs a thorn into his hand, and no skill can save him; another has a shaft of a gig driven completely through his body, and recovers; one is overturned on a smooth common, and breaks his neck; another is tossed out of a gig over Brighton Cliff and survives; one walks out on a windy day, and meets death by a brickbat; another is blown up in the air, like Lord Hatton in Guernsey Castle, and comes down uninjured. The escape of this nobleman was, indeed, a miracle.

An explosion of gunpowder, which killed his mother and some of his children, and many other persons, and blew up the whole fabric of the castle, lodged him in his bed on a wall overhanging a tremendous precipice. "Perceiving a mighty disorder (as well he might), he was going to step out of his bed to know what the matter was, which, if he had done, he had been irrecoverably lost; but, in the instant of his moving, a flash of lightning came and showed him the precipice, whereupon he lay still till people came and took him down."

NEW BOOKS.

We have received the following new books from the publishers:—

Nature in Disease, illustrated in various Discourses and Essays. To which are added Miscellaneous Writings, chiefly on Medical Subjects. By Jacob Bigelow, M. D. Ticknor & Fields—Boston. [We have read several of these essays with interest—for they bear the marks of experience, and of that wisdom which is able to profit by it. "Self-Limited Diseases;" "On the Treatment of Disease;" "Report on Homoeopathy;" "On the Medical Profession and Quackery." These subjects come within the compendium of the Laity—and of common sense. Seventeen essays are contained in the volume.]

The Scholar's Companion; containing exercises in the orthography, derivation and classification of English Words. Revised edition, with an Introduction and a copious Index. By Rufus W. Bailey. E. H. Butler & Co.—Philadelphia.

In Doors and Out; or Views from the Chimney Corner. By Oliver Optic. [This book is written by Mr. William T. Adams. Some of the stories have appeared in American periodicals, and others are now published for the first time. A friend who has read them for us, desires us to say that they deserve to rank with the works of writers which have had large success on this side of the water. The book is published by a new Boston house—Brown, Bazin & Co.]

Sermons for the People. By T. H. Stockton.—A. H. English & Co.—Pittsburg. [The Rev. Mr. Stockton is a minister of the Methodist Protestant Church—but is very far from a bigot and exclusive attachment to any sect. His charity is large and catholic. He loves all who are laboring in the cause of his Master. Mr. Stockton is probably the most prominent person in that part of the Methodist Church to which he belongs. Wherever he has lived, whether in Philadelphia, Cincinnati or Baltimore—he has had a congregation zealously attached to him. His sermons are too imaginative and poetical to please persons whose minds are not much developed in these directions. They should not, for this reason, despair of their doing much good to others differently constituted. If we read coldly and critically, what was preached with solemn earnestness, we are not in a state to profit by what we read. And if we listened in such a spirit to the preacher himself—we should throw away the opportunity of good. Some are moved to the love of the Gospel by argument: others are affected more directly, and apparently not through the reasoning powers. This is more like the effect of Music—which may soothe or sadden; enliven or inspire us, without words. When Mr. Summerfield preached in Philadelphia many years ago, we had kept aloof, from some conceited distaste of a popular preacher, till the last sermon. The voice, the manner, the sincerity went to the heart at once. But we were entirely unable afterwards to write down what had so much affected us. And when 15 or 20 years ago Mr. Kirk preached a number of sermons in Philadelphia, to congregations which crowded every

foot of the large churches; and was listened to in breathless attention; and had, we hope, much fruit of his ministry:—we were asked by a minister "of another parish"—as we left the church, what we found to make us listen to "such preaching;"—preaching which he characterized as having neither argument, nor diction, nor anything to account for the "infatuation" of the hearers. The answer was—that the preacher by an appreciation, unusual perhaps, of the truth of revelation, and therefore of its importance to his hearers, had been lifted out of himself, and above disquisitions—and stood in the highest attitude in which man can stand, as the herald who simply proclaims the message with which he is entrusted by authority. "Thus saith the Lord" is the highest sanction of the preacher—and the strongest call to the reverent attention of the hearer. And yet many preachers fitted for better things, lose themselves and their congregations, by attacks upon heresy—and barren controversies, which tend not to the fear of the Lord; to the belief of the Gospel; or to that love for the brethren which is the first fruit, and best evidence of such belief.

In all this, we do not mean to say a word against intellectual or argumentative preaching:—but to ask a fair hearing, in a proper spirit, for one who has been stigmatized as "The Poet-Preacher?"

Dona Blanca of Navarre. An Historical Romance. By Don Francisco Navarro Villoslada. T. L. Magagnos & Co.: New York. [This romance, the publishers say is of so high an order, and has had so brilliant a success in Spain, that they are confident the translation will be an acceptable novelty to the American Public.]

Now-a-Days? [This book is by a lady. Maine back-woods life, and New-England life generally, are the subjects of her sketches. She has painted always from Nature. Every scene has been familiar to her own eyes. The book has a very attractive and life-like appearance.] T. L. Magagnos & Co.: New York.

Clover-Nook Children. By Alice Carey. With Engravings by Baker, from Designs by Barry. Ticknor & Fields: Boston. [A very pretty book, gracefully illustrated. We can speak of the outside only; but Miss Carey's thousands of readers will turn to this new volume with eagerness.]

A Practical Treatise on the Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; with their Treatment by Inhalation. By Robert Hunter, M. D. Stringer & Townsend: New York. [Dr. Hunter, 828 Broadway, New York, in an Introduction to this work, sets forth the merits of Inhalation, as a Cure for Consumption.]

Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity. Delivered in Philadelphia by Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Fall and Winter of 1853-4. With an Introductory Essay by Alonzo Potter. E. H. Butler & Co.: Philadelphia. [The neatness of this Octavo Volume, as to paper, printing, and binding, amounts to elegance. This Course was prepared with special reference to the wants of young men of cultivated minds and thoughtful habits; and Lecturers were invited from all parts of the United States. Fifteen subjects are treated in this Volume, by eminent men,

and we commend it not only to the class especially addressed, but to all our readers.]

Martin Merivale. By Paul Creyton. This romance, the earlier portions of which appeared in numbers, is now completed, and published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., in a thick volume of more than 500 pages, illustrated with spirited wood cuts. The hero of the story is a young man who comes to Boston from the interior, to make his fortune as an author; and much of the earlier parts of the book are devoted to his experience with publishers. The antagonism between the classes of those who write and those who publish what is written, forms quite a staple in the fictitious narratives of the day. Thackeray and Dickens on the other side of the water, and others beside Paul Creyton here, have dwelt upon and illustrated this subject. It is strange that two classes, so necessary to each other, should not come to know and help each other more, and understand each other better. The adventures of the hero bring him into contact with a variety of characters, many of which are drawn with skill and delicacy. Blind Alice, and the way in which she gains the love of all with whom she comes in contact, is a pleasing picture, and drawn with skill. The most agreeable parts of the book are those where the scenes are laid in rural life; and it is evident that the author breathes more freely and writes with more knowledge when he turns his back upon the city, of which either in describing persons or things, he is neither so just or so true to nature as in the country part of his narrative. But in all portions of the volume there are affecting and amusing scenes, and the book deserves a reading more than many of the republished English novels which are sought after with such avidity.—*Daily Advertiser*.

Ruth Hall — Fanny Fern's new Novel. In this connection, we copy the following prediction by Dr. John S. Hart, which occurs at the close of a biographical sketch of this authoress, in his "Female Prose Writers of America:"—"Fanny Fern's past success, and her constant, natural, and healthy improvement up to the present time, warrant us in predicting for her a still more brilliant future. We think she possesses all the necessary elements of a great novelist. Her narrative and descriptive powers are of the highest order; her wit and humor are of the most brilliant and irresistible quality; her religious faith, her sympathy with the poor and weak, her intuitive insight into human character, and her subtle perceptions of the inmost workings of the soul, are certainly greater than those of most of the successful novelists of the age; while her constructiveness, as the Boston Post says, 'is so large and active that her articles, as they grow, take form naturally, like a flower.' Now, should these qualities be brought to bear upon the writing of a continuous story, we think the result would be the production of a book which, in artistic merit, would far surpass anything this author has yet written, and exceed in popularity all her other works. What direction Fanny Fern's genius will hereafter take, is probably only known to herself; but the public await the developments

of her future literary career with deep interest and hopeful anticipations."

THE MELODIES OF IRELAND.—The preservation and publication of the immense quantity of national music still existing in Ireland, and of which much is yet unwritten, have long been a desideratum among those who are acquainted with the great extent and value of some private collections. Among these lie, almost unknown, hundreds of airs hitherto unpublished in any form, and which range through every class of pure Irish music, from the most elevated style of ancient vocal melody, down to the smooth, flowing, graceful songs of the last two centuries; and among which are preserved very many, too, of those vigorous, dance-compelling, quick tunes which cannot be equalled by any similar music of other countries. Beside these collections, a considerable quantity of airs, not yet noted down, is to be found current among the peasantry in all parts of the country.—*Dublin Journal of Industrial Progress*.

PUFFS.—How many are read, and oh, how many are written, every day, and yet how few, either writers or readers, know whence comes the application of this word to the amplification of facts, people, and things. A puff, many years ago, in 1775, was the name of a certain kind of head-dress, consisting of hair drawn over a cushion, powdered and forming a sort of platform on the top of the head. On this surface was placed a whole series of ornaments made to represent some known event in the life of the individual wearer. Some affection, nay, some secret passion, has been by this means revealed to its object; family pride, vanity, self-love, might all be gratified by the construction of a head-dress. Thus advertised, the ladies went forth into the world, perfect living rebuses. Now, as every one naturally chose her most favorable points, it was after looking at their pretty faces, quite interesting to read the little romances on their heads. To give an illustration of these puffs, we will quote one worn by the Duchess of Orleans at court, shortly after the birth of her son (afterwards Louis Philippe). In the centre of the platform on the top of the head was a nurse seated in an arm-chair holding the new born infant, in most costly clothes, on her lap. On one side was a representation of a favorite parrot, pecking at a cherry, on a minute cherry-tree. To the left was a little negro page, in a fanciful dress, belonging to the Duchess's household. The portrait of the Duke, set in diamonds and surrounded with true lovers' braids of the Duchess's own hair, completed this little picture—a puff direct of her grace's conjugal and maternal affection. Some would carry on their heads little models of a house and estate they wanted to sell or mortgage; others would place in their hair old gloves, or faded bouquets, love-tokens understood only by one person, but which would set all the court dying of curiosity. If head puffs could supersede newspaper puffs, what strange anomalies should we not see?

ELIZA COOK.

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The Grecian's Maid

DREAMS OF BRIGHT DAYS THAT NEVER CAN RETURN,
 WHEN ATHENS NURSED HER OLIVE BOON
 WITH HANDS BY TYRANT POWER UNCHAINED.

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